

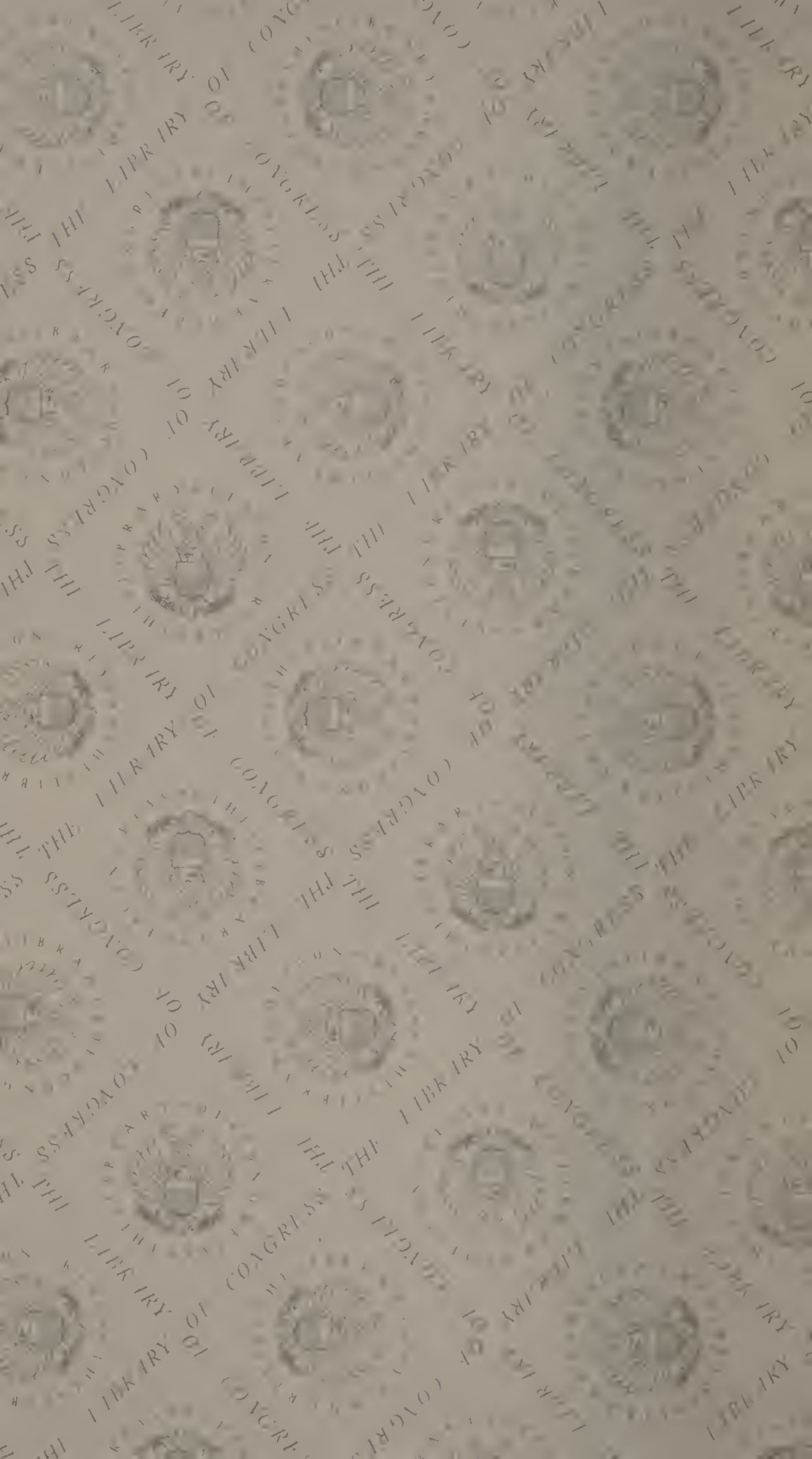
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SPUNK



How To Lick Fear

DAVID V. BUSH

SPUNK

(How to Lick Fear)

By

DAVID V. BUSH

AUTHOR

Character Analysis—How to Read People at Sight

Practical Psychology and Sex Life

Applied Psychology and Scientific Living

The Universality of the Master Mind

Psychology of Success

Psychology of Sex—How to Make Love and Marry

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34

CONTENTS

	PAGE NO.
I How Well Can You Take Defeat?	5
II Spunk	15
III Get the Prosperity Habit	19
IV Have You Been Sidetracked?	26
V Take It Like a Soldier	34
VI Each Cloud Has a Silver Lining	37
VII Why an Eagle's on the Dollar	44
VIII What Are Your Needs?	46
IX Do You Believe in Signs?	49
X Patience Shot to Pieces	51
XI The Bathtub and You	56
XII How Are You?	63
XIII Why and When Is a Man Old?	65
XIV Think Pleasant	76
XV It's Better to Smile	79
XVI One Thousand Dollars a Week for Laughing . .	82
XVII Old and Yet New	84
XVIII Give and Get	85
XIX Psychology in Everything, Especially You . .	88
XX The Unusual Man	92
XXI Keep Everlastingly at It—It Pays	96
XXII Where Does Abundance Come From?	98
XXIII Which Way Do You Think?	100
XXIV How to Nail "Fear" on the Head	101
XXV How to Lick Fear	106
XXVI Other Tested Methods	114
XXVII Devils Are Where We Find Them	123
XXVIII Fear Can Hold Us Back	131
XXIX Battles Are Won or Lost in Our Minds . . .	139
XXX Fear Blocks Our Progress	146
XXXI What We Can Do When We Lick Fear	151
XXXII The Dread Curse of Fear	154

CHAPTER I

HOW WELL CAN YOU TAKE DEFEAT?

THERE is nothing but eternal victory for the man who can take defeat with a smiling grace and with a poised confidence in his ultimate triumph.

Defeat is only another way of reaching one's goal, and as a rule, the more defeats a man has the greater will be his power in the end.

"All the world's a stage" and we are merely players. All life is a school room where we learn our daily lessons, and the more pricks we get in life's lessons the more punch we shall have for accomplishing ultimate success.

We learn to swim by trying. Our efforts seem at first to be in vain. We sink, we struggle, we come to the top and squirt water from our choking throat, we catch our breath quickly and try desperately to find a foothold which will enable us to keep our head above water. We did not succeed in swimming the first time we made the effort, but the fellow who tries the second time and the third time, the one who goes under but comes up again for the fourth and the fifth

time, who struggles the sixth and the seventh time, the one who gives an extra kick the eighth and the ninth time, who does not feel his feet on solid bottom with his head above water, with the spirit to try it again for the tenth and the eleventh time and who sinks and comes up the twelfth and thirteenth time—the one who finally gets in a stroke here and there, who gives a kick to keep his head above water the fourteenth and the fifteenth time, although he goes under and under and comes up and up and goes down and down and down and strangles and strangles and paddles and paddles and kicks and kicks, is the man who finally learns to swim!

Defeated in his first effort, he is successful in the end. Driven almost to desperation in his vain endeavor to keep his head above water, but determined not to let one defeat or two defeats or three defeats or a dozen defeats keep him from learning how to swim, he, in time, becomes a strong and experienced swimmer.

The greatest of the sons of men were not successful in their first undertakings. Some of the foremost men in all history have met nothing but defeat piled upon defeat, disaster following upon the heels of previous disaster, failure dogging their footsteps for thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years, but in the end, triumph! That is the way of life—that is the way to success.

Few men reach their goal without some sinking, strangling, choking, kicking and awkward paddling; and if perchance they do establish their first stride of success without the preliminary stride of the amateur learning to swim, they usually become so inflated with their achievement that they never go far. They rest on their laurels and miss the higher success which might have been theirs had they first been defeated a few times.

It is a good thing for a man to meet defeat—aye, for most men it is the best thing that can happen to them, and the man who can smile in his defeat and glory in his failure and exult in his loss, yet still keep the determination to try again, is not only made of the stuff that kings are made of, but is made of the stuff that successful men are made of, and is bound to conquer in the end.

The old adage that you cannot keep a good man down applies to the man who has met defeat. It does not matter how many times the real success-to-be meets with defeat—those defeats are needed lessons to make him a greater success in the end.

Call the roll of the truly great and see if their early defeats were not really the stepping-stones to their final success. We are pretty safe in saying that the more defeats a man has, the more

punches he gets from the hand of fate, the more black eyes environment gives him, and the more rebuffs circumstance hands out, the greater will be his success in the end—if he never gives up.

“Aye, there’s the rub!” The difference between success and failure is so small that no one can tell exactly where one ends or the other begins. Just where one man gives up because fate has dealt him an uppercut, the other man, who has had as many defeats and as many cuts below the belt, and who may perhaps have less genius into the bargain, goes on to his ultimate achievement because he comes back and tries again. He never, never surrenders!

There is no ultimate defeat for the man who never says die. The crown of achievement is placed upon the brow of the persistent man no matter how many times he may have been defeated. Why? Because he will not give up. The laurel wreath is not placed upon the brow of the timid or the fearful, nor is the race won by one who quits when a single defeat is scored against him. Achievement is handed on a silver platter to the man who will never say die!

How many defeats have you had—how many can you take—how long can you stand it? Can you come back with your old time “pep” when fate has given you an uppercut that split your jaw? That is the question! The answer

spells either ultimate success or permanent failure. There can be no failure in the end for the man who never says die. Victory, achievement, power, success and triumph await the man who tries again.

Nearly every big financier of America has at some time in his life been a failure. The difference between these great men and many mediocre fairly successful gentlemen is simply the spirit of coming back and trying again.

In the bright lexicon of American manhood, which fate has reserved for the courageous, there is no such word as "defeat." Or, if there is such a word, it signifies merely a stepping-stone to greater victory.

How well can you take defeat? How often can you come back? How many times can you rebound from the knockdowns of life to the upright, victorious attitude of achievement? As long as you can bound back defeat will be only your best friend. The need of the hour is that each defeated person will take stock of himself, search his own soul, and from present defeat find a way of bringing about a greater success than he could have had if undefeated. Defeat is the lever by which a man can lift himself by his own bootstraps. Defeat can spell victory and triumph, and each visitation can be made to mean greater success in the end.

From the time he stretched his gaunt body before the fireplace in the log cabin to see to figure his lessons on the back of a shingle, until his final great success, Abraham Lincoln knew little but failure. The more disappointments he had, the more setbacks that were his, the more defeats scored against him, the more reserve power he accumulated. Each failure was to him a lever, which by determination he used to raise himself to the topmost pinnacle among men. He had but slight success before his crowning one, than which there could have been nothing greater.

George Washington scarcely won a real battle until he forced the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, but that victory was a corker! It represented, even more emphatically than the battle of Concord, the "shot heard round the world"—it was a declaration of the freedom of man which will be heard throughout all generations to come.

Bull Run was a most disastrous affair for the Union forces in the early days of '61, but that very defeat was the spark necessary to fire the ranks of the Federal army, and to steel the spirit of the North. So, although it took four years to turn this first defeat into ultimate victory, the turn came; and when it did come, it came with such a bang and such a smash that the flag

of the world's freedom for every race of man was unfurled, never again to be lowered even to half mast. The defeat at Bull Run meant victory at Appomatox Court House.

The immortal General Grant who that day accepted with supreme dignity the sword of the South's surrendered forces never knew that that by-gone defeat in his personal experiences was to steel his ranks and inspire them to the ultimate victory ahead.

General Grant never knew defeat. He did not recognize it; he could not spell it when it came either into his own life or into the life of his cause. General Grant was far from a success until his final great achievement. His boyhood, schooldays and early manhood, as well as his years of full maturity, smacked of everything but success. Apparently defeated at every turn, he seemed veritably marked by Mother Nature for a final spanking. Circumstance seemed to entangle him in its deadly meshes; conditions and environment all appeared to vie one with the other to crush his spirit, break his back, and kill the last spark of manhood within him; but Grant in his personal and civic life knew no such thing as defeat. He was a man of victory. He maintained a victorious attitude, and that which he maintained was finally his. Anyone who can keep the spirit of victory in the dark, gloomy

days of defeat is bound to have ultimate triumph and success.

How well can you take defeat?

Can you take it like a Washington, like a Lincoln, like a Grant—can you take it like a man, like a son of the eternal God? If you can, victory is bound to be yours!

Everybody seems to chew “Wrigley” these days. “Spearmint,” “Wrigley,” “bobbed hair,” chewing gum, all tied up in one. Is there an American son of an American, or a son of an adopted American, who does not know Wrigley and Spearmint?

Wrigley, multimillionaire, making his way from the ranks of the dollarless to the heights of the richest, where his name is on every tongue, had plenty of defeat; but each defeat was only a lesson indicating to him the way to greater success in the end.

Wrigley came to New York City twice to sell gum and went broke twice. After his second failure it is reported that he said, “I am coming back to New York and when I do, New York will know I am here!” He went back. It is said that he spent a million dollars his first time in New York, but he did not make a dent. New York chewed him all right, but not in the way the public is chewing him now. New York chewed up his money, chewed up his advertising,

and then swallowed him whole. Wrigley came back again. He left New York temporarily defeated, but with a victorious attitude; with the spirit of the conqueror. He made another million, and then another. His fame spread, his gum was chewed and chewed and chewed all over—even New York was now chewing Wrigley's gum, but not as much as it should. So Wrigley came back again to the scene of his two defeats, back to his chewing gum "Bull Run," back to the battlefield which had been soaked with the sweat of his brow and the blood of his heart, back to the place where he never could have been worse off. How did he come back? With the spirit of victory; with the manner of the conqueror! Back with the old fire and the old faith in himself, for the third time Wrigley invaded New York! For the third time his chewing gum howitzers, his Spearmint gatling guns and his "P. K." armored tanks were concentrated on the bill boards and the newspapers and magazines of the metropolis; and behold—Wrigley won back the two fortunes he had lost in Greater New York City!

How can you take defeat? Aye, that is the question. To be defeated or not defeated must at some time be answered by every living son of Adam. Your future depends entirely upon how you answer it. To be defeated and then "suffer

the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune” with the shreds of failure slipping from your hands, but facing the world with the spirit of victory and achievement, means that your defeat will be turned to victory in the end.

How can you take your defeat? That is the question. Answer it in the affirmative and you have won so solidly that nothing this side of eternity can keep you from ultimately running up your flag of victory on the heights of eternal achievement!

How well can you take defeat?

CHAPTER II

S P U N K

WHAT is the difference between the man who ultimately succeeds and the man who fails? Spunk!

What if you have been slapped around by fate, cuffed by circumstance, jostled by heredity? Spunk doesn't give a rap how many raps you've had! Spunk thrives on raps and jostling and knocks and cuffing and rebuffs. Spunk only smiles in the face of defeat. When hit the hardest, spunk smiles the broadest.

Get spunk!

John L. Sullivan, who for twenty-five years was king of the pugilistic world, claimed that he never felt a blow from his opponent in the ring. He was so absolutely immersed in the job at hand, and had learned so thoroughly to concentrate toward the one objective of battering down his opponent, that he did not feel his opponent's blows no matter how violently they were delivered. That is spunk.

The fellow with spunk does not care how many times he has to battle, for battling only

develops more spunk. The more he battles the more spunk he gets, and that is another way to win—the only way.

Solomon in his proverbs instructs us: "With all thy getting, get understanding." We would humbly add, in this modern day of materialistic scrambling after moneybags, influence and power, that in all your getting you had better get spunk, and plenty of it. The more you get the better for you and the better for spunk!

I know a man who in his career has had as many cuffs and rebuffs as a dozen men could stand, yet who has received signal success in his line of work. The harder this man was cuffed and rebuffed, the clearer he kept his head, the harder he worked, and the more confidence he had in his ultimate achievement. That is spunk.

Anybody can be cuffed and beaten. Anybody can be rebuffed and give up. Anybody can be battered and scarred, but the thing that saves is spunk—and anybody can have spunk, too, if he will! The idea which you entertain in your mind is the thing that counts. If your idea is that of spunk, spunk is what you will have. If your idea is to bow to the "inevitable," you are going to bow; and as you bow someone will kick you from behind and knock you over. The idea is the thing that counts. Get the idea of spunk, and the more vivid you make it, the more

spunky you will become. Think spunk, and you will be spunky!

A rat is one of the most cowardly of all creatures. If he has a chance of running away he will take it. But when cornered, and utterly without an avenue of escape, he develops into a veritable fury and fights like a wildcat. We should not recommend anyone to be a rat, but we recommend anyone when cornered to have the spunk of a rat. Perhaps all you need to discover you have spunk is to be cornered. Maybe the loom of life is now weaving a web to corner you, and maybe that is the very thing you need. Maybe you are cornered now, so that all you need is the inspiration of a temporary setback to make you strike out and batter down the circumstances which have cornered you and seem to have beaten you.

Man is only clay in the hands of the potter, so the good Book tells us; but now we understand that *we* are the potter, and that the power within us is the God-power to mold our own pattern and achieve our own success. We are clay, but we are God-inspired clay. Clay, but the clay that gods are made of. The omnipotent power is resident within each individual, and by our own thinking we determine and fashion ourselves. Inoculate your life-clay with some of the spirit of spunk, and, lo and behold!—the potter

of life, your own power within, will mold into full perfection the thing your inmost spirit cries to be! Inculcate into your life's clay the spirit of spunk, and spunk you will have.

The world gives way to the man with spunk. Have spunk, and the world is yours! Fate itself, the seemingly inevitable, is overcome by the man of spunk. Have spunk, and the inevitable will for you be success, prosperity and achievement!

CHAPTER III

GET THE PROSPERITY HABIT

MANY people do not have abundance and prosperity and are not successful because they have not cultivated the prosperous, abundant, successful attitude.

Get the prosperity habit of thought.

It is impossible for a man to attract abundance to him, have prosperity and worthwhile success if his whole mental attitude is not tuned to that key. It is like fishing without bait—it is like going to a Fourth of July picnic expecting to have a lot of good things to eat and taking nothing with you. You might get a fish, if the fish is blind, or you might get something to eat at the picnic if, perchance, someone takes pity on you, but that is about the only thing that will happen. So, in the world of prosperity, we might become fairly prosperous, but it will be one chance in a million unless we have the prosperous frame of mind—the bait, by which we “catch” success.

We get in this life only that which we are going to get. We may go fishing all day in the boiling sun, blister our hands, wear out the seat

of our pants, come home with an empty line, empty stomach and empty basket, but if we did not take with us the right kind of bait to attract the fish to our inviting hook, we cannot blame the fish, the time or the place. The fault is ours, simply because we did not conform to the rules of the fishing game—knowing that the fish have appetites and do not bite on bare hooks or hooks improperly baited.

So a man may fish a lifetime for prosperity, success and abundance, but without the bait of the right mental attitude never win success, prosperity and abundance, achieving only the customary “fisherman’s luck.”

The fact is that if a man is to be prosperous, he must think in terms of prosperity.

The law of Karma is ever true—what we sow we reap, and if a man sows poverty, the unsuccessful seed-lack-of-abundance “bait,” he will get that which he sows. To have prosperity you must sow the seed thoughts of prosperity. Get the prosperity habit of thinking. Think that you can have prosperity, believe that you are going to have prosperity, know that prosperity is yours, claim it now, have the victorious attitude of the successful man today, and the bait that you are using, the seed you are sowing, will attract to you the things you want.

We would think a man was crazy if, on the

Fourth of July, in the boiling sun, setting out to see how far his corn had grown, he went into a garden patch of Russian thistles, into a patch where he had not sowed corn. We get what we sow. If we sow corn, we get it. If we sow wheat, wheat is what we harvest. If we sow Russian thistles, Russian thistles are what will spring up. We get the thing we expect to get; therefore, create, maintain and hold the prosperity habit of thinking.

How many, many people expect to have prosperity and then go to work with a face downcast, a spirit that is broken and a mental attitude of defeat! Everyone in the office, from the errand boy to the boss himself, will catch the defeat vibrations of the down-cast individual and no one will have confidence in him, not even the floor-sweeper. Instead of blaming circumstances, conditions, environment and fate because we are not successful, let us throw the searchlight of fairness into our own souls and see what is our mental attitude. Do you really believe in prosperity? Are you looking for it, do you expect it to come, are you confident it is yours? If you are, then one of these days you will garner a big barnful of the things you expect to get—prosperity, abundance, success.

A man may be the greatest genius God ever let breathe, but if he has not enough confidence

in himself, enough spunk to strike out for himself, enough grit and gumption to see he is a spark of the divine, the chances are the world will never know he is alive.

Get the prosperity habit!

There is no difference between you and the successful man unless your thinking makes it so. Every great and successful human being who has trod the globe has believed in his own power of achievement. You have the same birthright as the rest of the sons of God—claim your birthright now, create the habit of prosperous thinking.

“Thoughts are things,” said Shakespeare, and Shakespeare understood. Whatever you achieve, you literally achieve by thinking.

The shuttle which weaves the fabric of life's success on the loom of achievement is the victorious mental attitude. If you would be prosperous, if you would be successful, if you would have abundance, think abundance. The same energy spent in worrying about our debts, grieving over our poverty, railing against fate and condemning our situation, if spent in the right mental attitude of prosperity, success and abundance, would bring to us the things which we want instead of keeping us chained to the thoughts we loathe and against which our souls rebel.

We cannot think poverty and have abun-

dance. We cannot think failure and have success. We cannot think limitation and have prosperity. For that which we think, we have. We become like that which we think.

If a man is going out into the world for game, he has to go prepared to get it.

The man hunting big game—elk, moose and bear—does not go on his expedition with a pop-gun over his shoulder. He goes prepared to get the thing which he wants, equipped with rifle and shells. So in the game of life. To get that which we want we must first be prepared in mind that we are going to get it. Throw away your “pop-gun” of failure, lack, limitation and fate, and put in its place steel jacketed shells and big calibre rifle, with the hammer all cocked and ready to be pulled by the finger of success and “Bang!” down will come your big game of achievement. To get the thing you want, be prepared. To have prosperity, expect you are going to get it.

What would you think of a man who starts out from San Francisco to go to Liverpool and buys a railroad ticket only to New York City, expecting to board a boat and get across the great, wide, deep Atlantic without a steamship ticket or the equivalent thereof? You would think he was crazy, foolish or mad. To go to his destination he must have the wherewithal to get there.

Wise is the man who either buys his ticket clear through to his destination, or makes other provision for the same.

The man who starts out upon the road of life without a through ticket of right thinking may travel half-way across the continent of experience, reach his New York of living, but never cross the deeps of life's great success because he has made no provision for the latter part of the journey—the provision of right thinking.

If you are going to travel the successful road to the top you must be equipped in mind so that you will ultimately reach your goal. That mental equipment is, first of all, belief that you are going to get there. Get the prosperity habit of thinking.

When the airfleet, expecting to circle the globe, left Seattle, it was equipped with all sorts of mechanical contrivances designed to meet every emergency so that when an engine went bad in the American ship of the air, Yankee ingenuity had already anticipated just such an emergency and at once connected up another engine in its place. The trip was not given up because of deficiencies in mechanism.

So in life, when a man starts a round-the-world flight of success, if he be wise, he will equip his mental mechanism with the right kind of energy appliances. If when he hops from a continent to

an island he strikes a dead air chamber, and the flight seems to be ruined by the danger reefs ahead, the resourcefulness and ingenuity of the pilot do not fail him—he is ready for any emergency. So in your air flight of life, be ready for anything that comes—your readiness depends upon your mental attitude.

There is no defeat for the man who does not believe in defeat. There is no failure for the man who does not accept failure and will not bow to the mandate of the “inevitable.” Your mental equipment depends upon vision, foresight, courage, faith and victory. If you expect to make a prosperous flight of the world, add to this mental equipment the attitude of prosperity, and prosperity you will have. You may have to detour, you may have to back up, you may fly ahead and get balked by tricky wind currents, but that is not anything; it is only another way of having fun while en route to your ultimate goal—prosperity.

To have prosperity, expect it. To have prosperity know that you are going to get it. To have prosperity take every jolt, misfortune, handicap, hindrance and accident as a training school for a greater and more precious prosperity-loving-cup in the end.

To be prosperous, think prosperity—that is, get the prosperity habit of thinking.

CHAPTER IV

HAVE YOU BEEN SIDETRACKED?

VERY few of the world's great men have come into their own before fifty years of age. Most all of the "Sons of Achievement" have been sidetracked some time or other. Rare are the sons of men who blaze forth in meteoric fashion while young. True, some have enjoyed this experience but they are few in number. As a rule the one who has had his great success while in his twenties or early thirties is the one who peters out at the age of sixty. Not everyone can stand success.

The one who makes the greatest headway while he is young is inclined to rest upon his oars. At the age of forty-five or fifty, when he ought to be pulling the strongest, he has got into the habit of drifting, thinking backwards to his early success, resting upon his laurels, instead of looking forward and pulling upstream to a new and greater goal.

Blessed is the man who has been sidetracked a time or two.

Every experience of life is good and the bitter ones best of all.

Sidetracking is a mighty good thing for most men who are ambitious to render the greatest amount of service and put in their besticks for success and prosperity.

How patient can you be when you are sidetracked? Can you plug as hard on the side track as on the main line? Can you work with energy, vim and vigor free from bitterness when the switchman of experience has run you onto the sidetrack of life?

Can you dig in your toes and grit your teeth and clench your fists and pound away as hard on the sidetrack as though you were flying smoothly ahead on the main line aboard the Twentieth Century Limited? The answer to this spells ultimate success or failure.

The man who is sidetracked and still fights bravely on, taking conditions as they are and wringing from circumstances a still greater desire to achieve, is the man who, in the end, will profit by the sidetracking experience and thank God that he had it.

Every experience is for your good and the sidetracking best of all.

On the side track you will be having new experiences, you will be learning more and better lessons of life, you will be storing away in the

temple of life, knowledge, information and experience which will be invaluable in the years to come. Then the switchman of your good fortune, inspired by your varied experiences, will throw the switch again, shooting you onto the main line with a velocity and a momentum which will carry you further on the track of achievement than could have been possible had you not been on one of life's sidings.

Do not grumble while sidetracked. Do not rail against fate while marking time on the siding. In such a negative state, you spend enough energy to shoot you from where you are to where you want to be, if spent in the opposite thought, in positive belief in yourself and your ultimate success, backed up by energetic effort and study. Thought is energy. Thought is power. Thought is achievement!

While on the siding do not think of conditions as they are, but think of conditions as you want them to be. While sidetracked spend your energy planning for the future, thinking of the goal ahead, believing in your ultimate victory and that energy will in time change the siding into the main line.

While on the sidetrack of life smile, be optimistic, look up and not down, be cheerful and courageous, remembering that every experience

of your life is for your good, and the sidetracking best of all.

Very often the experience of life which seems to be the crushing blow is the very thing needed to send us the farthest up—aye, every disastrous shock, every crushing blow, every defeated purpose, every sidetracked experience, comes into a man's life for the very purpose of getting him ready to do something bigger than he could have done without the disappointment, provided he spends his energy in constructive, optimistic, courageous thinking.

Russel H. Conwell was reputed the greatest preacher of his day. Charles H. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, called him one of the three greatest men of his generation. Conwell was sidetracked for years.

Conwell felt the urge and the "call" to preach, but was sidetracked. He was a newspaper reporter, an editor, a traveller, a real estate agent—sidetracked from his main purpose. At the age of thirty-eight when he decided to give up the things which had held him down, that had prevented him from beginning a professional career, and accepted a call to the little Grace Baptist Church in Philadelphia, his friends and family were so disappointed that when he departed to accept his pastorate in Philadelphia they would not even go to the station to bid

him goodbye. He was told, "You are too old to begin a professional career and be successful; you have crossed the 'deadline.' Taking up a new and difficult vocation without special training, with the little pay and slight chances for advancement at your age, is dead wrong"—so his relatives thought.

Do not pay too much attention to what your relatives think.

Sidetracked was Conwell, but his experiences in life, in globe-trotting, in business, in meeting men and rubbing up against the experiences of existence were the very things needed to make him one of the greatest men of his day. Without having been sidetracked, Conwell might have died unknown, unhonored and unsung.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was, in his day, one of the most sought after lyceum attractions in America. Emerson not only became famous but very rich. Emerson's greatness depended upon the fact that he had been sidetracked. Emerson was a regularly ordained "Minister of the Gospel," but he disagreed with the orthodoxy of his day and told the world a few of his opinions. Bang! his clerical head was cut off by the ecclesiastical guillotine. He was excommunicated, kicked out of the church, his ministerial papers taken from him; he was ostracized by his "brethren," branded as an outlaw, run onto the sidetrack

of life with all of the speed that ecclesiastical machinery could develop.

Emerson sidetracked, made Emerson rich and famous.

Maybe the very thing that sidetracked you was the particular thing you needed to bring out the mettle which is in you, to steel your latent powers to greater achievement. Sidetracked! It is a mighty good thing for anyone.

Charles M. Fillmore, head of an institution that prints over a million books, magazines and pamphlets a month, whose great teachings girdle the globe, in middle life was sidetracked.

He had engaged in the real estate business, and successfully, as far as his particular work was concerned, but he felt a call to render service to mankind in a different way from selling skyscrapers and real estate. So he began talking to individuals and started a little "sheet" telling what he believed the mind could accomplish. He first got out, himself, his little messengers of printed ink and paper. Sidetracked to a home-made, unrecognized paper. Sidetracked for years, but he kept on just the same. His message spread, his paper grew, disciples began to assimilate his ideas, and today in Kansas City, Mo., his great plant covers a whole city block. His editorial staff, his great corps of hundreds of workers,

and his great rotary presses turning out a million copies a month! Sidetracked.

It was on the sidetrack that Fillmore got his best experience, put in his best licks for the great success he has achieved.

Blessed is the man who has been sidetracked, and if sensible as well as successful he thanks God for the siding.

I have a multimillionaire friend in St. Louis who came to the city a poor man, and with the savings of a lifetime, representing but a few hundred dollars, invested it in what appeared to be at the time a will-o'-the-wisp. When the thing seemed to have gone to smash and all of his earnings lost, himself out of a position, his friends laughing at him for being a fool, he went on the sidetrack coolly, deliberately, optimistically and courageously. He never swerved from his ultimate goal. What money he had he had stuck in the venture and he would stay by the ship even though that ship were sinking. With a spirit undaunted and with the faith of an Abraham, he stayed on the sidetrack, keeping his face turned toward the main line. Failure was the thing he needed. He stayed by the guns. He had lost his money and his position. Sidetracked, but on the siding he made his own job. The one man on the deserted ship, he stayed by the thing that had fizzled. Little by little the

ship began to float, the wreckage was saved, the salvage cashed in, and today he is head of one of the biggest concerns of its kind on the continent, a multimillionaire! He made his millions by being sidetracked, and taking it gracefully like a man, courageously like a victor, triumphantly like a king.

It does not matter whether you are sidetracked or not—it matters only how you act on the siding. Spend your thought, your energy, your time and your efforts with head uplifted, with shoulders thrown back, with eyes keenly set upon the goal, and as surely as you are sidetracked, so surely will you in time hit the main line and pull in at the terminal of a greater success.

Thank God for being on the siding!

CHAPTER V

TAKE IT LIKE A SOLDIER

WHAT kind of a punch can you take from the world's mailed fist? A side winder? That is all right, take it like a soldier!

If there is anything the world likes and admires it is a man who has spunk, and if there is anything that makes an individual feel like a man it is the feeling that he has grit, gumption and spunk. If there is anything that will make a man who is ready to surrender feel like going on until he accomplishes the thing he has set out to do, it is spunk,—taking things like a soldier.

Have you had a full swat in the face by circumstances until you are staggered? (That is dandy, take it like a soldier.)

Staggers are good for a fellow—after it is over. He can appreciate straight walking a little better.

Nothing can eternally go wrong with the man who takes it like a soldier—things are bound to turn for him tomorrow. Nothing can be so bad that it can make such an one

cringe. He may hesitate, he may stagger, he may catch his breath, but you cannot stop him; you cannot break his back. He may slow up; he may back water; he may reconnoitre; he may seek shelter for a time, but it is only temporary; he is getting ready for a better sprint, for a greater fight and for a more glorious victory.

Whatever comes, take it like a soldier. Swallow your pride if you have to. Grit your teeth if you must, take the contumely of your neighbors if necessary, but smile withal and take it like a soldier.

In time you will see your pride was false, your teeth will become strong by exercise and your neighbors' frowns turn into expressions of congratulation.

To say to yourself, "I will take it like a soldier," will immediately change your whole outlook on life, nay, that is not all—just how one meets the changed circumstances of one's objective world, is the expression of one's individual thinking.

To feel that you are a beaten soldier is to acknowledge and accept defeat. To think that you belong to the regiment, to think that you are a "marine," to think that no matter what comes you can take it like a soldier, is to change

your inner being, which in turn will change your outward world.

Your conditions today or tomorrow all depend upon your mental attitude.

Take-it-like-a-soldier-mental-attitude spells success and happiness. Take it in any other kind of an attitude and, good night! No one can tell what will happen.

Take everything today and tomorrow and forever like a soldier and everything good that the world has to give to you and yours will in turn be dispensed as a good soldier desires it to be.

CHAPTER VI

EACH CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING

EACH cloud has a silver lining, but, you say, you don't believe it. Pshaw, that's all in your way of thinking just now. You will change your mind tomorrow. When a person is going through "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," of trudging the tread-mill of life's monotony, or has his back up against the wall of difficulty and misfortune, it seems to be the natural thing for him to see only the present, forget all about the past and give no thought to the future. The truth of the matter is that in the past there have been thousands more of clouds with silver than with any other species of lining. Furthermore, if you keep the right frame of mind during the time when the clouds are hovering near, there will be thousands of brighter clouds in the future. Whether your clouds remain long or not depends upon how you think. Whether your future clouds will all have silver linings, also depends upon how you think.

If you think the clouds are dark now and are

going to remain dark, you can just bet your bottom dollar that they will be dark for some time; and if you are unpsychological enough to think that the future holds no bright clouds for you, you can also bet your very last copper that there will be lots of dark clouds in the future.

Whether your life has dark clouds with many silver linings, or dark clouds with mourning embroidery, all depends upon your attitude of mind.

Where are the fellows who have never had any dark clouds? Can you name them? No, not one. That seems to be the law of life in our state of consciousness and why should you expect to be a favored son of Adam, to have nothing but sunshine and flowers, silver linings, and golden sunsets?

Of course, in the future, when we reach the higher state of consciousness, there will be no such thing as a dark cloud, but we are living today—here—now. Your dark clouds may come, but they will soon disperse if you think they will.

Honest to goodness, down in your heart today, you know that things are better for you than they used to be. Aha, I hear you say: "No, that is not so, I used to have money, but it got away." "I had a sweetheart, but I lost her." (Maybe that was mighty good for her—who

can tell?) Or, "I had a business, and it is all shot to pieces."

Sure, you can say such things as that—anybody can. But down in your heart, you know that the fire of experience has made you a better human being and that although you have lost money or love or business it has not actually been a loss, but an investment. The experience you have got out of this lost investment is a thing which will make you better now, and give you more money, love, and business in the future.

Every experience of life is good. The psychology of all dark clouds is to turn them all into silver linings. Right thinking will do it. You can do it, the same as others have done it.

I know a man who lost a thousand dollars a week for nearly a year. He did not grumble. He did not complain. All the time, he held the thought that what he was losing would come back to him in a greater way, and why not? The psychology of the whole affair was that he was tickled to death that he had a thousand dollars a week to lose for so long a time. Five years before, he had never had a thousand dollars in his life. The thousands he had made, he maintained, would be made again with interest added. He had not lost a dollar of his principal. Surely, any human being instead of complaining about a loss or about dark clouds, ought to be

tickled to death that he could afford to have a loss. It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, so sang the poet Tennyson. It is better to have money to lose, than never to have had any. And when it is lost, it is bound to come back, if you keep the right attitude of mind.

What is your dark cloud anyway, compared with the other fellow's! I'll bet a penny that right now you are making mountains out of mole-hills. If some other poor rascal who has had affliction following upon the heels of affliction, and one sorrow chasing the other sorrow in quick succession, and one loss following another, had experienced merely the little trouble you are having now, he would think he was on a joyride or Fourth of July picnic. It is all a state of mind. You're magnifying your little troubles, while the other great trouble bearer is taking his like a soldier.

Buck up! Get a grip on yourself. Point a finger of disgust at yourself for daring to entertain the idea that the dark cloud is dark. Right now it is bursting with showers of bright-linings, and you do not know it. Your own mental attitude of gloom and discouragement is pushing back the silver lining and the silver rays of success, health and happiness are not able to penetrate the dark clouds of your mental imagery.

It's all in a lifetime, anyway, whatever happens, and you ought to be tickled to death that you can have it happen. Because, whatever happens is for the best, if you think so, and tomorrow all of your clouds will be covered with layers upon layers of silver.

There are no dark clouds unless you believe it. There are no troubles but can be turned into joy, unless you deem it otherwise; there are no losses that are not gains, unless you confess it; there are no experiences of life but those that are for your good, unless you think it.

Whatever you have comes by thinking. Yesirree, even your black clouds are a matter of your own thinking. Remember, it is always darkest before dawn.

DARKEST BEFORE DAWN

The clouds seem to float in more silent array,
And the hush to grow palpable, just before day.
All the forces of Nature seem subtly combined
To strike solemn awe into man's mortal mind.
If we did not expect such an hour dark and still,
It would seem that the gloom were an omen of ill,
But we enter this stillness, this black cosmic shroud,
Knowing well that the daylight will push back the cloud.

From childhood's glad gambol on life's happy lawn
Man learns that it's gloomiest just before dawn,
And so as he rambles by streamlet or bower,
His heart turns to worship, whatever the hour.
Be it darksome and cold, ere the birds are awake,
He is never too weary obeisance to make,
Though he shrinks just a trifle as darkness grows deep,
He knows that the dawn o'er the hill will soon peep.

And so on life's pathways by every man trod,
Each must cherish a faith in himself and his God.
When a cloud of disaster appears in the sky,
And beneath its fell torrents defeated we lie;
When we think that the rainbow will never appear,
When no angel seems present to wipe our last tear;
Let us spring back to childhood, as light as a fawn,
And recall the old lesson of dusk before dawn.

In life, as in Nature, clouds gather and pass;
And their long trailing shadows float by on the grass.

As thicker they come in their nebulous flight,
We fear that the next will bring terror and night.
But lo! like the darkness preceding the dawn
The worst ones soon lift, and depart from the lawn;
While the sun, all the fairer for being away,
Gleams above the green branches and gladdens the day!

No grief e'er so gruesome, no night e'er so black,
But that rosy Aurora will push the clouds back;
So when troubles seem thickest, like gusts of foul smoke,
And with fast-ebbing spirits in darkness we choke;
When we think that our efforts have all been in vain,
And our souls groan aloud in their terror and pain;
When before us but gulfs of black space seem to yawn,
Then remember the lesson of dusk before dawn!

CHAPTER VII

"WHY AN EAGLE'S ON THE DOLLAR"

A MAN past middle life, very much in the dumps, down at the heel, with a hole in his pocket-book and nothing to put in it, told me that he knew why the eagle is on the dollar. "It flies away so I can't get it!"

That man's lack of abundance was purely a matter of his mind. He had a wrong idea of what the eagle is on the dollar for. As long as he thinks the eagle is on the dollar to make him chase it, all the chasing in the world can never let him catch up to it, and he is going to have a merry chase after a lot of eagles he will never catch. He will never even get near enough to put salt on their tails. He has the wrong slant.

If a man thinks money is going to get away from him, it will get there and in a hurry. And the bigger he thinks the eagle is, and the more power he thinks it has in its wings, the faster the dollars are going to fly away from him, and the harder he is going to puff in trying to shoot some of the eagles and put them in his game bag.

That man did not know what the wings are

on the eagle for, but I will tell you. The eagle is on the dollar with good, strong wings, flying your way, and bringing oodles and oodles and oodles of sixteen-to-ones with him. Get your game net ready to coop 'em! They are flying your way, but they're going to pass you if you don't corral them. And they'll never even come your way if you think they're going in the opposite direction.

Get the right idea of the dollar, and the dollar will get to you!

CHAPTER VIII

"WHAT ARE YOUR NEEDS?"

THE more your needs, the more should be your accomplishments in the future. Needs form Nature's spurring way of pushing a man up and up and up.

The flower pushes itself through the soil because it needs the sunshine. Go out into the forest and see how the tall trees gradually push themselves upward. Sometimes we find great trunks perceptibly inclined toward a lighter space and sometimes we notice more limbs on the sunnier side of a tree than on the other. Such anomalies when not due to the great north-west winds are invariably due to the tree's quest for light. It strives for all the light it needs and in the effort grows more on one side than on the other.

What are your needs? The more your needs, the more nature grants you in the way of dynamic urge and inward push to seek that which you

want. If your needs are great, then you know that your fulfillment in the future will be great, provided you keep the right attitude of mind. Believe you will achieve, that you're going to get there, that you can, you will!

The history of nature, human and subhuman, is the same story of need and its fulfillment. The biologist gives the theory that the seal was originally a land animal of the wolf or dog variety which during dangers and protracted famines on land sought its food first nearer and nearer and finally in the water. It has now acquired most of the characteristics of an aquatic animal, nature having come to its aid in the face of its great need and its equally great determination.

Need was the impetus for the change. Impressed and constantly reimpessed by the need of existence, generation after another achieved the modifications which culminated in the seal form.

Your greatest growth, no doubt, will come because you have more needs—you need education, you need better environment, you need more money, you need success. The more your needs, the greater within you will be that urge and pushing toward the sunlight of success.

Be thankful that you have lots of needs. Rejoice that there are many things which you

still desire, and be happy that you are in a world where the response to your needs, if you properly apply yourself, will bring to you the thing you want.

Rejoice in your needs!

CHAPTER IX

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS?

DO YOU believe in “signs”—“bad luck”? I should like to devote about one hundred pages to ridiculing the foolish superstitions attaching to many little, harmless things which we think bring us bad luck.

Friday, the thirteenth, for instance.

If you spill the salt, you are going to have trouble in the house.

If you break a mirror you are in for seven years’ bad luck, etc., etc.

Bad luck to walk under a ladder. It may be bad luck if there’s a careless painter on top and he spills his paint can as you pass under.

Some good people think that if a black cat crosses their path at night, they are also in for a streak of bad luck.

There is really some common sense in saying if you crossed the trail of a skunk after dark and unexpectedly stubbed your toe on his frame, you are liable to have bad luck if his perfume tank is operating. That’s about the only bad luck you would have. But of course to some

people that would be bad enough, especially if they were on a vacation and that was the only suit of clothes they had with them. But you see the mind doesn't produce that kind of bad luck—the kind that lets you stumble on skunks in the dark, whose only way to protect themselves from big, giant enemies like yourself, is the end of a tail and the swish of a smelling tank.

There is no bad luck anywhere unless your thinking makes it so. Your only bad luck is expecting to have it—we get what we expect. Expect bad luck and skunks, and bad luck and skunks are what you may get. Expect good luck and love, and love and good luck you'll get. Get busy on good luck getting.

CHAPTER X

PATIENCE SHOT TO PIECES

HAVE your plans misfired, your hopes been blown to smithereens, your ambition dampened, your spirit squelched and your backbone weakened? In short, are you all shot to pieces? Fiddlesticks! Just because you happen to feel like a worn dime with a hole in it that can't be cashed any more than a sixty-four shin-plaster, you think everything has gone to pieces for you. Piffle! That's the way you feel today—but wait until tomorrow!

You've been down in the dumps before, haven't you? Sure you have and you admit it. If you have ever had any kind of experience like other ordinary human beings who have climbed to the top, you've been shot to pieces on many occasions before and you got the pieces together again, trudged on your way rejoicing, thanking God that you had a chance to get a few holes punched into you with a few stray shots of Misfortune's gatling gun.

Where is the fellow who hasn't been shot to pieces a few times? You must not think

that you are the only favored son of man who has been rammed through by the spears of experience. Ah ha! my good fellow, how very complimentary to yourself to think that you alone have been thus favored.

But no such thing! There are others—you are only one in the great army of men who have been shot to pieces a few times. You are only one of many who have been rammed through many, many times. You are only one in the rank and file of the great army of life, every soul in which has had the privilege of having been shot to pieces. Your shots haven't torn you any more than they have torn your comrades. You only think so—that's all.

You're nursing an inflated bump of ego—to think that you can be shot to pieces and still live. Thousands before you have been treated likewise, my dear comrade, and they have survived. Yes, right today thousands of others in the same army as yourself, wearing civilian clothes, have had their coats of arms riddled with the bullets of life's tough battles, but they are marching on to new successes, greater power and wider influence.

You can do the same thing. It's a matter of mind. You want to change your mind, and—if your clothes have been too riddled with old bullets of long thinking—change your clothes.

A few stray shots from the enemy's ranks having riddled them and shot you to pieces are no indication that the enemy can keep up his firing forever and forever. One of these days his barrage must stop—his bombarding must cease and his onslaught be checked. The sooner you change your mind and resolve that your "shot to pieces" stuff is imaginary, the sooner will you be able to face the enemy and call him yours.

Did you ever see a soldier returning from the front not proud to say that he had been in the thick of the fight, had borne the brunt of the battle and had come back with scars? Did you ever see a real hero-soldier limp back to sit on the curbstone, place his finger in the bullet riddled holes of his old uniform and whine because he had been hit a time or two? No—the real hero stands up; maybe one leg is gone, but he stands as erect as he formerly did on both. He throws back his shoulders and his eyes flash as he tells about the battle he was in, how the enemy was put to rout, how finally the flag of victory was planted upon the enemy's fortifications.

That's hero stuff for you! That's the army example for you! That's the only thing you dare emulate. You dare not be so unpsychological as to mourn over your shot-to-pieces situation and condition.

If you believe in your success and your triumph

and in your power, if you continually hold the thought of success, employment, promotion, affluence, harmony, prosperity, growth and love in mind, you will soon forget you are shot to pieces. You will change your clothes of wrong thinking and put on the new garments of right thinking. When you change your mind, you change your condition.

If you have been shot to pieces, what of it—so have thousands of others. But, if you continue in this frame of mind, you will be shot to pieces a few more times before you get through and shuffle off this mortal coil. Yes, I can give you the positive assurance that if you continue to think about being shot to pieces you are going to get a few shots that you did not expect and then you really may have something to complain about.

But as it is now, you aren't badly hurt. The fellow next to you has suffered more wounds than you. There, just to the right of you, is one who has been shot to pieces a dozen times more than you. Look at the poor fellow on your left who hasn't been able to change his clothes since the last conflict because he has been shot to pieces so often there isn't anything left to change. He is still marching on and here you sit down, complain, sigh and want to quit the

game of life, all because your new uniform has been the target for a few stray shots.

Get the mental attitude that all things are right, that all things are good, that all things are prosperous, that all things are delightful and that all things are harmonious. Hold that attitude and see how quickly a change of clothes will be brought about. It will be like sleight-of-hand, you won't know what happened, but will have on a new suit quicker than Cinderella lost her rags and was made ready for the ball.

What do you care if your suit has been shot to pieces a few times—goodness me! you ought to be tickled to death that you have an excuse to get rid of the old suit and if perchance a few stray shots should riddle the coat tail of your new one, you ought again to rejoice that here is another excuse for a transformation, because each time you change clothes, you are changing your condition for the better. It is only the man who can buy many suits of clothes each year who feels intimations of oncoming triumph and if you can change a few suits of clothes each year, because you are forced to do it by circumstances and by stray bullets, you ought to be tickled to death over your good luck.

Thank the Lord that you have had enough shots shot through you that you can get rid of the old suit and can put on a new one.

Now look at yourself in the mirror. Don't you look better? You really don't know yourself now. When you go home tonight your wife will have to call in the neighbors to tell her who you are. You have changed your clothes and you have changed your mind and by changing your clothes and changing your mind you have changed your expression so that now you are a new man. Render thanks to the battle of life and be grateful for all it has done for you.

There are thousands of people today who, if they only knew it, would like to have the same discouraging experiences that you have had, in order that they, like you would be forced to get new clothes. A man can't wear a dozen new suits of clothes each year without raising the rate of his vibration for greater success, health and happiness and if you can have the excuse to get some new clothes because the old ones have been shot to pieces, take your excuse and thank God that you have good reason for discarding old for new. After you have become accustomed to your new suits of clothes and to your new attitude of mind, you will then have the joy of becoming accustomed to your new circumstances, to your new position, to your new success.

Shot to pieces, eh? What a lucky chap you have been! Many another fellow has been shot

to pieces and carried out by the undertaker. Here you've been shot to pieces all in your mind and the clothier comes along and puts on you a new Hart, Schaffner & Marx suit, dresses you up like a king and sends you out among the captains of industry.

If we were not psychologists we might envy you the experience of having been shot to pieces because it has changed your mind and so put you on the high road for bigger things.

Shot to pieces, eh? How glad we are for you and how we trust you are wise enough to be wise for yourself. Shot to pieces, eh? Why, if you hadn't been shot to pieces a dozen times or so to rouse your fighting spirit and make you dig in your toes, clinch your fists, set your jaw and go forward at the next bugle call of experience, you would by now be nothing but a second rater, and probably a down-and-outer. But here you are, thinking along new lines, getting ready for the next advance, having your mind in tune with the infinite, preparing to be crowned with the laurel wreath of the victor and have pinned upon your breast the world's *croix de guerre*.

Glad to hear you say you have been shot to pieces, glad to see your face changed, your clothes changed and the fresh march begun. Go forward with the mental decision that you

no more in the future will recognize stray shots which riddled your clothing, upset your plans and blocked your way.

Success is in your mind, change your mind and have success.

CHAPTER XI

THE BATHTUB AND YOU

WE ARE told on good authority that the first bathtub in the United States was installed in Cincinnati, Ohio, on December 20, 1842, by Adam Thompson. It was made of mahogany and lined with sheet lead. At a Christmas party he exhibited and explained it, and four guests later took a plunge. The next day, the Cincinnati papers devoted many columns to the new invention, and violent controversy soon arose regarding it.

Some papers designated it as an Epicurean luxury, others called it undemocratic, as it lacked simplicity in its surroundings. Medical authorities attacked it as dangerous to health.

The controversy soon reached other cities and in more than one place medical opposition was reflected in legislation. In 1843, the Philadelphia Common Council considered an ordinance prohibiting bathing between November 1st and March 15th, which failed of passage by but two votes.

During the same year the Legislature of

Virginia laid a tax of \$30.00 per year on every bathtub that might be set up. In Hartford, Providence, Charleston and Wilmington, Delaware, special and very heavy water rates were laid upon persons who had bathtubs. Boston, in 1845, made bathing unlawful except on medical advice; but the ordinance was never enforced and in 1863 was repealed.

When you are inclined to be down in the dumps, remember the bathtub. It came out all right. So will you.

No matter what your "ups and downs" are, you haven't anything on the bathtub. We magnify our own troubles and build imaginary ones until we really think we have troubles, but, like everything else, our troubles are mostly in our minds.

Suppose the bathtub had thought of the troubles ahead of it—what it might bump into, where it was going to land and what would be its final outcome. Maybe you and I would still be taking our baths in a thimbleful of water dumped into the wash basin, whereas, thanks to the fact that the bathtub triumphed over all its difficulties, we can hop into a nice porcelain tub, take our plunge and go on our way rejoicing. If the bathtub can come out all right, how about a man? How about you?

We have just about as many troubles as we

think we have, no more; and it is just as easy to overcome the little stumbling blocks of the future, if we think we can, as it is to eat peas with a knife. It is all a matter of getting used to it. Maybe you haven't had enough troubles yet to get used to them. That's your trouble. If a few more troubles had got you used to trouble then you could take the troubles that are ahead of you without any trouble. It's a good thing "never to trouble trouble until trouble troubles you," then you can take the troubles that are ahead of you without any trouble. It's a good thing "never to trouble trouble until trouble troubles you." That's what the bathtub did.

And then, when the bathtub did get into trouble, it didn't pay any attention to the trouble that it had tumbled into. What are your ups and downs anyhow compared to the bathtub's trouble? Have you ever been called undemocratic? Have you been attacked by the medical authorities? Have narrow-minded, contracted, bigoted, muddle-headed legislators dragged your name into court, and tried to make laws prohibiting the use of your name or forbidding you to proceed with your private affairs? Has your name been covered with as much mud as the bathtub's?

Then recall the different steps the bathtub

had to encounter all the way from the old-fashioned kind up to the porcelain. It has been one step of advance after another, despite the fact that many efforts were made to impede its progress.

How many hard things have been put in your way? How many difficulties have you been forced to surmount? How much mud have you had to get off your name? Why, that doesn't matter. Look up and learn a lesson from the lily, the buttercup and the bathtub. Shakespeare says we find sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything. When you look about searching for sermons, why not turn to the bathtub? It's a new idea, but it may be a good one. Surely you are worth as much as many bathtubs.

Have your trials, mistakes, troubles, sorrows, failures and limitations been ping-ponged back and forth from Cincinnati to Philadelphia, and Philadelphia to Boston, and Boston to Wilmington and Wilmington to Hartford, and Hartford to Providence and back again? Until then you haven't anything on the bathtub.

When you are down in the mouth, remember Jonah. He came out all right, so did the bathtub.

CHAPTER XII

HOW ARE YOU?

THE Hindoos have a most charming form of salutation, namely: "I salute the Divine in you." Compare that with the way we greet one another in our country, in this civilized bull-pen of the U. S. A., to wit: "How are you?"

If a man got out on the wrong side of the bed in the morning, or if he ate too much apple pie too late at night, if he started the day with a grouch, or if he has a "torpid liver," see what a toboggan slide you thrust this man onto by saying: "How are you?" Instantly, his pie-eating dyspepsia becomes worse, his grouch more grouchy, his "torpid liver" more torpid and altogether he is a much worse man after you said "How are you?" than he was before.

When you inquire, "How are you?" of an easily affected person or one who thinks he is in a hard way, you straightway put into his hand a "suggestion" dagger with which he immediately begins to rip open his old sores, slash his old scars and cut his own throat—in mind.

“How are you?” The response will probably be, “I am worse,” without even a thank you, but when two Hindoos meet in the East and their salutations to one another are, “I salute the Divine in you,” instantly the rate of vibration goes up; the mind feels linked with the Power House of Divinity from which emanates perfect health, success and happiness—not dyspepsia, grouch or “torpid livers.”

“I salute the Divine in you” is not so bad for the “poor benighted Hindoo” after all, is it?

The Divine in me salutes the Divine in you!

CHAPTER XIII

WHY AND WHEN IS A MAN OLD?

THE old adage that "a man is as old as he thinks he is" has more truth than poetry in it. The fact is, a man becomes older in mind sooner than he does in body. To illustrate: If a man were to carry his arm in a sling for six months without using it, he would find considerable difficulty in using it when the sling was removed. The same is true with the mind, only more so—it degenerates more rapidly with misuse. When the mind is not stimulated to function, it becomes useless and atrophies.

It is a common expression to be heard from those on the lookout for jobs that "the world is hard on an old man"—that business wants the young man—that professions are kinder to the young man than to the old, that a penalty has been placed upon old age. As a matter of fact, a penalty is not imposed upon a man because of the age of his body, it is only the old in mind who are penalized. We find many men old in body but young in mind and vice versa.

The trouble with so many people lies in the fact that they exercise their bodies in stimulating work without attempting to exercise their mental faculties in stimulating thought. The body is so constituted that it may carry itself for many years and daily do a full day's work, and be serviceable more than sixty years. But, unless the mind is exercised, the body will become wasted, sluggish, and lacking in alertness. In order to keep the mind active and young it must be used just as the body must be used to keep it in trim. We see the result of the proper use, or lack of use of the body in the early twenties—it is not necessary to wait until the sixties. For instance, between the ages of twenty and forty or fifty, a man who is normal can do a good day's work. We mean by that, of course, that his muscles will stand the strain, and his body will carry the burden. If he has lived a normal existence, he will still be able to bear the cares and shocks of life. It is interesting to notice the mind of the same person in the twenties and in the forties and sixties. As a boy in the early teens he graduates from the elementary school and enters the high school. The third year in the high school he leaves. We will grant he is now sixteen years of age. He leaves school because he has never been forced to use his mind, and he goes out to work. He uses his

body consistently, keeps his muscles in trim, but lo, what happens to the mind? Within five years of leaving school, if this sixteen-year-old boy, now twenty-one years of age, should try to make his grade to go back to high school, or to make up lost studies to enter college, he would tell you that it was a tremendously hard thing to do. He would tell you it is harder to get his brain to work for him than his muscles.

I believe every individual, whether he is of the mental type or any other type, who has had in his young manhood years of non-training of the brain, when he wanted to go back to college again, or take up studies or in some other way improve his mind, found that it was harder for him, though still in his twenties, to use his mind than his body.

You see, therefore, that the mind becomes old much quicker than the body. That a man is as old as he thinks he is, is as true as can be.

Carry the analogy a little further and you will discover that this twenty-one-year-old man who has thought that he should like to resume his school work, finds the effort too severe. He takes a little night school work, but it's a great effort to get his mind to become active. He sweats more brain sweat now than he ever sweated perspiration before. In six months or so, he finally gives up the educational fancy and

decides that he will continue in the commercial world, in his trade, or it may be at manual labor, where he can pick up an odd job now and then. He can continue his work now until he is sixty. At forty he can keep up with the other men in the gang.

But what about his mind? By the time he is thirty-five his mind has become so warped, has become so useless from lack of exercise, that he is not as charitable or as big in soul as when he was twenty-one. His mind has been allowed to run in a groove. He has got into a rut. The mind has not had a chance to exercise. He has taken on certain physical and mental habits. He thinks only along certain channels. He cannot accept the other man's point of view unless it conforms to his narrow-minded, one-track vision which he has been nursing for the previous ten to fifteen years. By the time he is thirty-five years of age, if he has read but little, if he has taken in but few lectures, if he has not associated with people of a mental type who are discussing the current events of the day or art, literature, science or politics, he has become a one-track, one-sided, narrow-gauged individual who is, in fact, a much less charitable citizen than when he became of age. At thirty-five he's more narrow, more set in his ways and more determined in his untrained point of view than he was at twenty-one.

His mind has become old much quicker than his body. He has heard that by the time a man is forty-five it is time for him to wear glasses, and so when he reaches forty he is looking forward to the day when he shall have to put window panes in front of his eyes, or hang goggles on the bridge of his nose. He hears that when a man is sixty, it is time for him to get ready to die, that he will be an old man by the time he is fifty-five, therefore, his mind gets into the habit of thinking of old age, of thinking it is time to get ready to die, so that by the time he reaches fifty-five, he is actually an old man. Although his muscles will work for him and he can still do a fair day's work, he is old in mind and because he has thought along old age lines his body becomes a little weakened. At the age of sixty he is expecting old age to creep upon him, and lo, the thing that he feared has come upon him! He has heard that a man gets his second childhood and his dotage, so if perchance he lives until seventy, he is expecting soon not only to lose his eyesight, and become so weakened that he may have to be helped around, but he expects that he is going to lose his mind, is going to take on his second childhood, revert to the childish mind and lo, again, the thing which he has feared comes upon him!

A man is indeed as old as he thinks he is.

Now will you follow me as I try to solve some of the problems of the hour and will you but consider a moment what it means in the industrial world for a man to become old in mind before he becomes old in body.

True, it is hard for a man at the age of forty to go out into new fields of endeavor to seek a job, whether manual or mental. Why? He is old in mind before he is old in body. What do I mean by that? In addition to what I have already said, he has become so warped in his mind that he is now a grouch in his narrow-tracked mental rut. He is so "done gone sot" in his ways, that he can accept the point of view of no one else; he is old in his mind. He can tolerate no instruction that might show him how to do his work a little better—he is old in his mind. He will not accept the well-meant suggestion of his superiors that he take up new and improved methods. Why? He is old in his mind. He becomes so set in his way that his mind cannot act flexibly, his mind will not respond quickly. His mind has been so held on one mental plane for the last twenty years that he cannot use it to consider the point of view of anyone else. All he can see is his own little narrow-minded contracted groove that he is in and when the boss would like to pull him from his rut to place him on a high road where

there would be better pay, advancement, and more influence, he cannot see the business or the recommendation through his colored goggles of ignorance and prejudice.

He is older in mind than his boss of seventy. The boss has grown with the times. The boss has kept his eyes open. The boss has used his mind to see new devices come in, to see new business methods used, to see conditions changing, and the boss has been able to adjust himself and change with the times, but the forty-year-old subordinate who is in the same old job where he has been for the last ten or fifteen years, has not changed with the times—he has remained old in mind and grows older by his wrong thinking every day. He wonders why he is not promoted or why he cannot get a job—he is too one-sided and set in his way to be of much use.

Therefore, I am making a plea in this modern day (although I have always been for the industrial man and always shall be, I have always fought for the under dog and I always shall)—I am making a sensible psychological plea in this day of ours, to people who think the economic world is using them unfairly and unjustly, that they use psychology, that they get their minds to work, that they change with conditions, that they change with the times, that they meet the situations of the hour, if they wish to develop

and grow and be an influence and a power in the world which they may now be condemning, not because the world is at fault, but because they themselves are old in mind.

It is not fair, much as we deplore some of the underhand methods of modern business, it is not fair to blame the modern business man for relegating men at the age of forty to the bench. If a man is on the bench at the age of forty or fifty, he has no one to blame but himself. He has become old in mind long before he became old in body.

It is well understood psychologically and otherwise that most people at the age of forty have had their habits physically and mentally so set that it is hard for them to change—they are old in mind. This old world of ours takes a new somersault about every twenty-four hours or less and we are changing our opinions and our conditions and our ideas and our methods so rapidly that what we used twenty years ago in the business world, is absolutely discarded today. The man who is conducting business along the same methods as he conducted business a quarter of a century ago is a man who is in a little two by four “joint.” He who has kept pace with the times, who has changed his business methods to meet the requirements of the hour, is the captain of industry. The difference between

little and big business men is in many instances a difference of mind. One has grown and developed, but kept young while he used his brain and exercised his mind; the other has grown old by lack of mental exercise, by putting his mind in a mental sling.

Anyone who has ever employed people knows that it is much easier to give instructions, and have them carried out, to a person who is in the early twenties than a person who is in the early thirties; and anyone who has ever employed many people also knows that by the time a man reaches thirty-nine or forty or forty-five it is very difficult to get him to follow new instructions. He is a one-track minded man, he is in a rut, he is down in the gutter of old, old age, and he prefers to stay in his mental rut than exercise his mind to get out. He complains, he blames the world, he curses the modern business methods because at the age of forty or fifty he is looking for a job and no one wants the old crab.

Therefore, you see the necessity of a study of psychology in this day in which we are living. Any person who has left school at the age of sixteen (going back to our analogy), who has made use of his mind by reading newspapers, books, magazines, going to lectures, taking in extension courses, improving his mind by cor-

respondence courses, by associating with people who discuss art, literature, science or current events, may never have had an opportunity to finish his college education and yet at the age of forty he is still young, he is just beginning to get ready for his life's work. His body is in the pink of perfection, and his mind is likewise active and like a race horse, ready to go at the drop of a suggestion. This same person who has kept his mind, during these fourteen years, active by mental exercises, at the age of forty is ready to take up some great life's work. At the age of fifty he is still better than at the age of forty. When he reaches sixty he is taking on greater and greater mental work. He can continue this until Father Time shall come and claim him for his own.

Verily, one is as old as he thinks he is. A man can work mentally until he is ninety or a hundred years of age, and if he has exercised his mind during that time, at the age of eighty or ninety, when the body becomes a little frail, his mind is stronger than ever.

So the man who is on the bench today at the age of forty, who is blaming modern conditions because he cannot get a job ought to see himself as others see him. If he really takes account of stock, he will see that he has been a mental sluggard. He has been lazy in mind so long

that he has become old in mind—out of joint with the times, without ambition and laying all blame for his failure in life upon his employer.

How much this old world needs psychology, that people may get the right mental attitude, that people may develop their minds, keep their souls aflame and their brains active, alert and a-going!

CHAPTER XIV

"THINK PLEASANT"

NO PERSON should ever go to bed at night without having pleasant thoughts as he drops off to sleep. He should form the habit of using this time to charge his subconscious mind with what he desires, always, however, with a positive, health, success or happy thought. "But," says some old grouch, "I can't go to bed at night 'thinking pleasant' when I haven't looked pleasant for forty years." Why haven't you looked pleasant for forty years? You look as though you haven't looked pleasant for four hundred years, all right. Your phiz is the tell-tale of some bad thinking on your part, but "Cheer up. While there is life, there is hope." The worst old grouch can yet have a smile on his face and his kiddies call him blessed.

You can always have a pleasant thought when you are awake in the morning. As you take your exercises, positive, health, success and happy thoughts should be in your consciousness. It is better, of course, to take an affirmation while you are exercising, but the point I want to

make is that you must not allow yourself to entertain unpleasant thoughts for a single minute.

And the harder it is for you to think pleasant thoughts, the greater evidence that you need to do it.

The worse you feel and the harder it seems to hold these pleasant thoughts, the more necessary they are for you, and the more good you will receive from them if you persist until you get hold of them. If you say, "I can't do it"—"I don't feel like it"—"I'll wait for some more convenient day," you are putting off until tomorrow what ought to be done this very minute. Hop to it. Now is the time. You need to hold a pleasant thought more than the other fellow. In fact, you must! We will not let you do any otherwise.

Things have been going wrong at the office, have they? No wonder. You've been holding wrong thoughts. Everything seems to be jumbled in your business, the work shop is all "out of kilter" and your home is topsy turvy. Of course they are. You've been having wrong thoughts. Think pleasant and see what a change there will be, and the harder it is for you to think that you can think pleasant, the more imperative it is that you do think pleasant.

Think pleasant now.

Smile, you rascal, smile. Think pleasant.

Up come the corners of your lips. King Gloom

is putting on his night cap and is about to steal away. The morning sun of Happiness is spreading o'er your soul, and the beams of pleasant thoughts are now radiating from your face.

* * *

It pays to look pleasant, doesn't it?

Think pleasant, and the world is a pleasant place to live in.

Speaking about thinking pleasant at the moment of getting up in the morning, be sure that you have no alarm clock to awaken you. You should so train your subconscious mind that you will awaken slowly in the morning; then hold your pleasant thoughts as you come to consciousness, and get up in a moderate, peaceful, happy way.

Do not jump out of bed startled, or in a hurry as though the house was on fire. The physiological, as well as the mental, effect of this method is most unpsychological. When you jump suddenly from a recumbent position in which your blood is flowing evenly and passively, to an upright position, the sudden shock is not likely to prove beneficial to the system, to say the least.

Have all things in order. Keep your peace and your poise always, and your power will be greater.

CHAPTER XV

IT'S BETTER TO SMILE

H. A. BALLOU, of Worcester, Mass., is hailed as the biggest retail paint merchant in the United States. There is a reason.

First, Ballou is a born psychologist; has been working at it all of his life and now has become an adept in understanding the underlying psychological laws which give a man success, health and prosperity.

The reason is, first, that Ballou believed he could sell paint. He had that indomitable, psychological faith in himself which has helped put him in the class of the great paint merchants of the country.

But it is not always the man who has faith in himself who gets to the highest peak. Just there is where the rub comes with many a person who has a little smattering of psychology. A jackass may have great faith in himself, so that when he balks, or won't go, he has such faith that nothing can budge him, that sometimes he does not get budged, but who in the world would want to have a jackass faith.

Many a person, however, gets the notion he is going to do something whether he pays the price for it or not. Therefore, be as wise in your psychology as a Solomon upon the judgment bench. First, have that great faith in yourself but then back it up with other virtues.

That is what Ballou does. Ballou has had the faith, and second, he had the spirit of work, without which no man with psychology or without psychology is going to accomplish the maximum amount of achievement. Ballou had the faith and Ballou could work. But faith and works, despite the reputation this phrase has from the Scripture, is not always enough to make you the greatest paint merchant in the country. Along with your faith, your works, you need a little business judgment, and business judgment is always augmented by a smiling countenance. That is where Ballou shines—he can smile!

But not only has Ballou the faith, the grit and gumption to work, the judgment, but he mixes all of these virtues along with his paint to sell it, and the smile that finally gets the customer's name on the dotted line, for he sells paint by carload lots, and the smile that can keep the great force of workers loyal and true and at 100 per cent efficiency.

But that is not all of the virtues, that Ballou has. The one other great thing which, added to

the rest, has made him so unique in the paint world is his spirit of giving. Ballou understands the psychological law of giving; he knows that the more you give out the more comes back, therefore, he literally covers New England with his gifts, he deluges the country with his gifts—he buys them in million lots. Think of it! No wonder he sells paint. He gives so much stuff away that he attracts to him the people who need paint. Any man who has faith in himself, the spirit of work, good business judgment, the virtue of a smile, and the virtue of giving so that he can give millions of things away, will sell some paint, believe me.

Ballou gives matches, thermometers, hand brushes, floor brushes, floor mops, whisk brooms, flat iron holders, and whatnot's, and whatnot's, and whatnot's. If you have any novelty to sell as a gift see Ballou in the Blue Paint Store, 142 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

Verily, it is better to smile and to give.

CHAPTER XVI

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK FOR LAUGHING

ONE of our Boston friends told us of a woman who had great trouble and sorrow, this through her melancholy moods, so that she repelled all of her old-time acquaintances and friends until she was traveling the highways of life alone, deserted by all except one friend, who stuck closer than a brother. This friend told her that she was losing not only all the beautiful things in life, but her own soul as well by being so morose, so down-hearted and melancholy. Her friend said that she could win back all she had lost and more if she would change her attitude and smile.

Of course it was bitter medicine for her to do this, but by the aid of her friend she was able each day to take a simple mechanical laughing exercise. The mechanics of the laughter by a little practice soon became real laughter. She injected this smiling and laughter into all of her conversation and daily life. Her friends gradually, one by one, began to return, and when

they did they went away smiling and laughing, remembering the sunshine of her acquaintance and the spirit of her home. Her name as a laugher, a smiler, a good hostess, began to spread, and kept on spreading; she attracted to herself more friends than she had ever had before; her circle of friends and acquaintances so widened until she was even known outside of her own city as a person of most wonderfully attractive personality.

Smiling had changed the woman. Instead of the melancholia, the grouch virus, driving people away from her and repelling those who really wanted to be her friends, the woman's charm attracted people until she became famous. The vaudeville heard of this wonderful laughing woman and she was engaged at One Thousand Dollars a week to go into vaudeville and teach the people how to laugh by her genial, smiling spirit.

Who says that it is not Better to Smile? Not the woman at one thousand per, to be sure! Try it and see—It Is Better to Smile.

CHAPTER XVII

OLD AND YET NEW

“I pray thee God make me beautiful within.”

—SOCRATES.

And we have thought psychology is modern—nay, friends, it is as old as civilization but moderns are putting a new interpretation upon it and like Heinz, of “57 varieties” fame, we are advertising that the thought within, makes the world without.

Wise old Socrates understood.

HOW TRUE

A stitch in times saves your pants from ripping—Get busy.

CHAPTER XVIII

GIVE AND GET

ALWAYS be willing to give a little more than you think you have to give. It may be that you will not need to give it, but have the willing spirit to do so. This is true in business, in politics, in life and in domestic affairs.

Any man going in business usually has a little reserve fund from which he can draw to put more into the business, providing it is necessary—he is willing to give more money to put his business over if he must. In one of the big cities of the Pacific Slope, there was a man in the candy business. He made Twenty-two Thousand Dollars in eighteen months. He started with a capital of Three Hundred Dollars. After a big catastrophe it was hard to get electric light service, so “Mac” did the next thing.

It was against the law to have candles in the store, but it was also necessary to have light to do business after dark. Since he was in the candy business, the evening was the best time of the day for him in his location. He had asked the Electric Light Company to give him service but

they couldn't do it—so they said. He spent some eight or nine hundred dollars a month usually, illuminating store and signs for his business, but even to a good light customer like him, the company couldn't give him any service—"They would, just as soon as it was possible."

He went to the office of the president of the Electric Company but was refused an audience, so he sat on the outside of the president's door until the president went out for lunch. When the president went out he grabbed him by the coat tail and told him who he was, and asked if it were possible to get some service. The president replied "No! Would be glad to accommodate you if we could, but it's impossible." Mac said, "Well, thank you, that is all I wanted to know," and he went back to his store.

He then went out and bought a box. Wooden boxes were scarce. They sold at fifteen dollars per. He went to the head of his shipping department and said, "Fill this box with one-pound and five-pound boxes of candy, the best that we have; spare nothing." Then the box was delivered to the home of the president of the Electric Light Company. The actual cost of the box to "Mac," probably was fifty dollars. He was giving.

The next day while "Mac" was busily engaged in his own office, the president of the

Electric Light Company was announced. He, himself, came over to see Mac and said, "We shall get some light up to you, we'll make a special effort and you can count on having all the light you want." While the rest of the candy manufacturers and retailers were resorting to all kinds of miserable light makeshifts, "Mac" was flashing the big electric signs, and thereby cleaned up Twenty-two Thousand Dollars in eighteen months because he knew how to give. He gave his customers the best quality he could make. He gave them the most willing service that could be given. He gave his life along with the goods, and his spirit to the purchasers, and in comparison to what he gave it came back to him.

Giving is the great Law of Life, no matter where and how we are situated.

CHAPTER XIX

PSYCHOLOGY IN EVERYTHING ESPECIALLY YOU

PSYCHOLOGY is as old as the hills; if it is not as old as the eternal Rockies or the towering Himalayas, but it's at least as old as man. Even the cave man used psychology. When he stood at the mouth of his cave, alone and single-handed to defend the rights of his family, or to ward off the wild beasts who were prowling around, seeking what they could devour, it was the psychology which made our antediluvian ancestor come out victor. In other words, he had such confidence as did our stone age granddads. He was master of the situation.

When you and I were tadpoles (if we ever were), we were then using psychology even as now, for the big frog in the puddle and the big tadpole in the pool who makes himself master of all and king of the whole shebang, is the ruler and acknowledged leader because he has such faith and the confidence in himself that all others meekly bow to his sway.

Therefore, from the wriggling tadpole down the eons of centuries to our cave progenitors

through the evolution of man, to the present time, psychology has been the big asset in every successful life.

Perhaps the pollywog doesn't know he is a psychologist, probably the caveman could not have spelled the word and might have split his tongue in the effort even to get it out, nevertheless, psychology was used.

Now, Ty Cobb, the king of hitters in baseball, has made out a scientific schedule classifying what wins in baseball. We have usually thought that pitching was the big thing and according to Ty Cobb we are right, but we thought pitching was more than half of the game, whereas Cobb says it's only 40 per cent. Here's the way he estimates baseball values:

Pitching.....	40%
Batting.....	20%
Fielding.....	20%
Psychology.....	20%
	<hr/>
Total.....	100%

This Psychology Ace, Cobb, figures Psychology as "confidence and willingness to win a game." If there's any jinx sitting around on the bats of the players or in the pockets of the batters or in the minds of the pitchers, confidence

—psychology—stabs young jinx to death. In fact, if you have plenty of psychology—that is, lots of faith and confidence and willingness to win the game, you don't mind the jinx any more than an elephant minds a fly sleeping on his tough-skinned back.

Cobb ought to know for he has been in the limelight, as a king bee in the baseball world for many a day. When you are away from Detroit, they say that Ty Cobb owns the city of Detroit. Psychology did it. Some of us thought that Ford owns the city, but according to enthusiastic fans, there's only one real man in Detroit and that's Tyrus Raymond Cobb, manager of the Detroit Tigers.

If Ty had turned his energy and enthusiasm into editing a psychological magazine, he would have a pretty big batting average in the psychological world. Ty knows that psychology is a big part of the baseball game. He has tried it. He has seen other fellows needlessly lose their ginger, their pep, their nerve, their faith, and their morale and when they have lost all of those, they are gone goslings. Of course, any fellow who loses as much as that, would be "gone" altogether, baseball or no baseball.

The first essential for your success, for your health and for your happiness, is psychology—

Ty Cobb's "confidence, faith and willingness" in winning the game of life.

Have confidence, have faith and be willing to play life's game like a man and you will win.

CHAPTER XX

THE UNUSUAL MAN

ALL men who do things out of the ordinary are unusual men, and the unusual man, as a rule, gets plenty of unusual knocks, kicks, thumps, black eyes and jolts from the world's mailed fist. That is the price unusual men pay for their unusual success.

Hence, if you are getting plenty of knocks, kicks, thumps, black eyes and jolts, it probably is due to the fact that you are an unusual man and the difference between you now, and the unusual success you will achieve tomorrow, is only the element of time, plus the will to hang on and take a few more thumps, whacks, brow-beatings, lashings and black eyes from the world's mailed fist.

The one thing that may keep you from becoming an unusually successful man, is the fact that, when you have been browbeaten, lashed and tongue-whipped you give up just a day too soon.

Ask the unusual men who have made unusual success what would have happened if they had

given up at different times when they felt as though they had taken about all they could stand. If they had given up when their minds were tortured by hostile criticism, their backs beaten by failures and their eyes blackened by mistakes, ask them if they would be successful today.

But you do not have to ask them, I can answer your question for them.

No!

They are what they are—successes—because they paid the price exacted of the unusual man. They hung on when others said, "It cannot be done."

All unusual men get unusual beatings sometime or other. In our present state of consciousness it is the way of life. So, if you are having your beatings now you ought to rejoice and sing praises and thank the good Lord that you are putting these beatings behind you, and you will therefore not have to get so many tomorrow. Beatings are one of the penalties of success.

When you see the successful man ride by in his limousine, board his yacht or take a hop in his airplane it looks so easy—as if fate had strewn his pathway with roses and given him a feather tick on top of an Ostermoor. But know ye, when you see the successful man enjoying

the fruit of his labors, that he did toil, he did have his beatings, he did hang on until the storm clouds had passed.

So, thank God that you are an unusual man, and hang on a little longer. The very thing that may make you great and make it possible to achieve the success you want is your unusualness.

Do the thing that your heart prompts you to do, that the spirit within dictates and you will win. It may be a roundabout way you may have to travel, a stony path you may have to climb. You may have to cultivate the spirit of a Hercules—but whatever you want to do you can do it, if you will do it with all your might and never say die.

So, when your friends and relatives think you are unusual, and you do not do things as someone else does, and when you are pronounced odd, and peculiar, then grit your teeth, clench your fist, smile under your belt and thank God that you are an unusual man and that you are after unusual success.

All unusual men have their days of darkness, their hours of strife and their moments of hesitation—their gardens of Gethsemane.

Thank God for what you have, plod on, look up and smile, until you, the unusual man of today, scorned by friends and neighbors who do

not understand the unusual path you may be treading, in an unusual way, will one of these days turn out the kind of man people will be proud to know, proud to cultivate, proud to call friend.

CHAPTER XXI

KEEP EVERLASTINGLY AT IT— IT PAYS

DID I tell you about an insurance salesman who was turned down fourteen times in Sioux City? Finally, he heard me talk about the value of courage and the necessity of going back to see a prospect again. He started out the next day and sold one man, whom he had given up, and made \$260 in commissions. Then he went back to see another man who had refused to buy. This man said, "Look here, I have told you 'No' fourteen times, haven't I?" The salesman replied, "Yes, I know you have; but the next time you are going to say 'Yes.'"

This salesman had faith, courage and conviction and not a single doubt or negative thought.

Just as he said this, the daughter of the man to whom he was trying to sell came in. The salesman knew he had something the man should have. Turning to the daughter, the father said, "What do you think of this?" "I think you ought to take it," answered the daughter. "Didn't I tell you the fifteenth time you would

take it?" said the salesman. The man signed the application blank and by so doing permitted the agent to earn a big commission.

Build up confidence and emotional power; then have them balanced by peace and poise and equilibrium. You are going to be worth more to yourself next year than now, and five years from now you will still be worth more to your God all the rest of your life.

CHAPTER XXII

WHERE DOES ABUNDANCE COME FROM?

THIS is a true story one of my class members told in Indianapolis. The teacher is still living.

It was during vacation time, and the teacher's funds were completely exhausted. She was unconsciously concentrating, turning over and over in her mind, "Where will I get twenty dollars?" She boarded a street car in Indianapolis, sat down, and was unconsciously running through her mind, "Where can I get twenty dollars?" A strange woman took the seat next to her, opened her pocketbook, took out a twenty-dollar gold piece and said to the school teacher at her side, "This looks beautiful, doesn't it?" "Yes," replied the teacher who sorely needed the twenty dollars, "that does look beautiful, indeed." The stranger replied, "Well, it is yours." The teacher gasped and was unable to express herself. She needed twenty dollars, and lo! here it was put into her hands. She refused to take it, but the strange woman said, "It is yours—I want you to have it." When the teacher went home and

explained what had happened, she was advised to find the strange woman and return the money, but someone else who understood psychology said, "No, the person who gave it to you did so out of the goodness of her heart and she wanted you to have it. It belongs to you; therefore, keep it."

CHAPTER XXIII

WHICH WAY DO YOU THINK?

DO NOT think on what has been, but on what will be. You will never be a has-beener if you think you are an is-goer.

If you believe you are going forward, someone will give you a push upward.

If you think you may slip backward, somebody may throw a banana peeling to help you slide.

Which way do you think?

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW TO NAIL "FEAR" ON THE HEAD

THE common saying, "A man can make a mountain out of a molehill," contains more truth than poetry.

When your imagination takes wings and fancy runs wild, we can picture and anticipate more troubles in five minutes than we could actually bring upon ourselves in a lifetime.

Imagination uncontrolled: Imagination can do almost anything: It can give us the right mental attitude for success, health, and happiness; but uncontrolled can build structures of doubt, sorrow, ill-health, and a miscellany of troubles, which with slight effort can bring tumbling down upon our heads these horrible structures we have created in our minds.

When I was a little fellow and living in the foothills of the stony country amid the Allegheny Mountains, some of my elders thought it very smart on cold, dark winter nights to send me upstairs on an errand to a room blacker than

pitch, and then stand at the stairway below and thump on tin pans and utter unearthly yells to scare me. Then, of course, I would come tumbling down the steps like a puff-ball. I was not six years of age. Naturally I believed many of the goblin stories that had been told me, and when such a performance was enacted I did not take time to count the steps or see where I stepped to make my exit from the goblins ready to seize me. I came down any way I could get down, and the faster the better. The grown-ups thought they were playing a very clever trick.

But there were really no goblins up there. There was nothing whatever in the dark for me to be afraid of; albeit with the proper stage setting of goblin stories told me prior to my going upstairs into the dark, with the right contraptions below, and the yells of my tormentors, I imagined things that were not there.

Later in life, when my creditors were pushing me, and when trying to make my way through college, I was frantically endeavoring to make ends meet, many days going with only one meal and some days with nothing at all to eat, I imagined very strange things. I saw myself thrown into prison for debt; I saw myself lying in a coffin dead from starvation; I saw the future so black that I prayed night after night (in those old days when I believed in that kind of a

prayer) that I might die before I should awake.

As a matter of fact when I did not have three meals a day it was really good for me, but I did not know it in those days. Most of the humans living in the rich United States of America, where ninety per cent of the population overeats, would be much better if occasionally they did eat but one meal a day; but I did not know that. I had been raised to think it necessary to put away three squares anyhow, and if I missed a meal it was the first button pushed to call the undertaker.

Imagination did it—that's all.

Most of the troubles of man are imagined. Our worst troubles never come.

TROUBLES THAT NEVER CAME

The bridges that I've often crossed
 Before they came in sight,
 Have been of many, many kinds;
 Been grey, or black, or white.
 I fancied many brutish ones,
 And many could not name;
 I've had my many troubles, but
 The worst ones never came!

When squirrels get their nuts for food,
 They gather for a year,

And do not worry 'bout the next,
For that they have no fear.
But man is not content today,
He lives with troubled aim;
A-thinking 'bout the troubles past,
And those which never came.

Some people build their mounts of care
Of many sorts and kind,
Which like the bridges that they build,
Are mostly in their mind.
Though sun's ablaze and sky is clear,
They think of lightning's flame;
They had their many troubles, but
The worst ones never came!

Now God is in the universe
The birds and squirrels know.
They worry not, nor do they fret,
For what we reap we sow,
If we sow deeds they'll bear their fruit,
For God will hear our claim.
If we trust Him then we can say,
The worst ones never came!

—DAVID V. BUSH.

Whether a man's troubles are real or imaginary there is one way to meet them and rise superior to them. There is one easy, sure way to knock every fear in the head and throw it out of the mental picture gallery instantly. It is so simple that you will wonder why the human family

has not been taught it from infancy. This is the procedure:

It is a well-known anatomical fact that many pains both real and imaginary can be overcome by using the very muscles where the pain is lodged. This method of attack is equally salutary in overcoming mental gloom and depression of spirit; it can be employed to overcome your fears and your troubles. Suppose you owe money and know when you go home tonight there will be a creditor sitting on your front doorstep and one at the gateway and a third at the back door and a fourth in the parlor. Suppose you are threatened with bankruptcy or ejection from your home. Suppose your wife has run away with another man, or business is not so good. Suppose you are out of employment and you do not know where to look for another job. Suppose you think the world has gone to pot and you face complete ruin. That is precisely the time to plunge right into your troubles, and say: "Well, what of it, anyhow?" Repeat that thought a number of times, and I will guarantee that most if not all of your troubles, whether they be real or imaginary, will vanish away. "Well, what of it, anyhow?" "Well, what of it, anyhow?"

CHAPTER XXV

HOW TO LICK FEAR

"Always do what you are afraid to do."—EMERSON.

MAJOR LYNN ADAMS, head of the Pennsylvania Constabulary — considered as good an organization as the Canadian Mounted Police—entered the first World War as a private and came out a major. When the Armistice was granted, he was Provost Marshal of Paris. That is a record to write home about in the last world conflict; for in that war, without West Point training, a private had little chance for such spectacular promotion. After he was mustered out of the Army, he joined the Pennsylvania State Police as a private, and within one year was at the head of the organization.

Fear is not in his vocabulary. A few years ago when he told me the following story, he had, alone, taken 51 black-handers prisoners. One time when running down a desperado, he was shot above the heart. He stuffed his handkerchief in the wound and made his way to a doctor's office. The doctor was not there. When he took

the handkerchief out of the hole in his breast, the blood shot upward like a crimson geyser; the nurse fainted. He had to plug his wound again and then revive the nurse.

Imagine such a fearless man hearing his children talk about being afraid in the dark. They had heard other children talk about the boogey man, and the goblins that lurk behind corners and come out of the nowhere in the dark. Major Adams sat down with his children and explained that there is nothing to fear in the dark. "In fact," said he, "the dark is your friend. It hides you from your enemies. They cannot see you in the dark. Instead of being man's enemy darkness is his friend. The next time you have any dread of going out when it is dark, just remember that you are safer in the darkness than in the light. In short, don't be afraid of the dark. Go right into it and you will be surprised how quickly your fears disappear."

There, in short, is the essence of modern psychology's teaching about overcoming fear. Go right after the thing you fear and it will, like the mist before the sun, dissolve and disappear. Face your fear and there is no fear. For most people it is as simple as that.

Then again, we are taught to sit down and think about that of which we are afraid; to ask ourselves: Why am I afraid of this person? Of

open spaces, or closed spaces? Why am I afraid to go into a social gathering? Or why am I afraid of this job? Or whatever the fear is.

The average person who is afraid invariably does the wrong thing. He tries to forget what he is afraid of, or tries to escape from his fear. That is the best way to keep the fear that haunts us.

The theory which has proved to be very practical for thousands of people, is to think about the fear; to ask what has caused it, and, by thus facing it, to bring it up from the subconscious depths to the conscious mind; from the cellar of darkness to the top story of light, there it disappears; disappears automatically.

The psychological explanation of this method is easily understood. If you try to forget your fear, you keep it in the subconscious mind; and it will remain there to plague you. But when you drag it out to the light, when you think about it, when you recall the reasons you are afraid of anybody, anything, the fear is brought up from the subconscious mind to the conscious mind; and then it leaves the lower substrata of mind—where fears tend to remain—and is gone.

To know why we fear and to face our fear is to lick our fear. Charge like a wounded lion at the thing you fear and there will be no fear.

Each time we face fear and lick it—it will be easier to face the next and lick that. Think and act, and you have the last word from modern psychology as to how to overcome fear.

A young aviator is taught that if he crashes, he must go up again, right away, before he has time to dwell upon the failure, and the danger of what might be if he crashes again. By immediately facing the danger before it can become imbedded in the subconscious mind, which would weaken his will and nerve and probably ruin his future as a pilot—he is applying the modern method of licking fear—nailing it on the head, squelching it a-borning. This fledgling aviator goes right up again and by so doing makes a successful flight, robs future flying of its dread and fear.

Affirmation, as taught by the metaphysician is another splendid method. I have taught it to thousands and thousands. The subconscious mind cannot hold two thoughts at one and the same time; just as we cannot cry and whistle at the same time; we cannot be fearful and courageous at the same time. The subconscious mind keeps within its depths the thought which has been passed onto it by the conscious mind with the most emotion. If we will hold in our mind before going to sleep at night (that is the best time) a strong affirmation of courage or a religious

thought; such as, "If God is for us who can be against us," that continued affirmation will in time become a part of our mentation, and will crowd out the fear thought. When this method is followed, keep in mind Emerson's wise injunction, "A man is what he thinks about all day long." Hence the more often and the more intensely we repeat our affirmation the better it is and the quicker we may hope to have results. Hold courageous thoughts in the mind and thus crowd out fear thoughts. Thousands and thousands have proved this to be effective.

Our nightmares and untoward dreams are all a re-living in the subconscious mind of some experience we have had in life. To overcome these mental disturbances is to charge the subconscious mind with a strong courageous thought many times each day and with earnestness. Take this thought as an example:

Darkness and doubt are being dispelled and I am going on to better things because all things are in divine order for me and mine.

George Eastman, the famous Kodak man, who gave away more than a hundred million dollars, committed suicide by putting a pistol to his head and pulling the trigger. B. C. Forbes, commenting on this strange suicide, said he thought it was

the result of the bad, poverty-stricken dreams Mr. Eastman dreamed so often. He was past seventy. These poverty-stricken nightmares, which had continued a lifetime were more than he could endure, as age weakened his resistance. He hacked and hammered his way out of the jungle of dire poverty, which had been his birth-right, and wretchedness, his early lot, with such intense emotion that, long after he became a multi-millionaire, the old subconscious poverty-fear thoughts continued.

Remember the first step will be the hardest. But each effort will become easier. Face your troubles; face your defeat; face your situation; face your fear, and fear will slink away like a sneaking leopard to its den.

Never run away from a dangerous situation but face it! You will gain new strength with each defiance of fear.

Sometimes our first attempt turns out badly as in the case of an actor struck with stage fright. Marie Dressler was so scared at her first appearance she could not move. Her manager gave her a push, and away she went sprawling onto the stage. It created a great laugh and that entrance was left in the show. By the time she picked herself up, she had lost her stage fright and proceeded as though nothing had happened.

If at first you don't succeed try, try again.

Says one professor of psychology, "Throttled fear makes a man stupid and clumsy in the face of danger. Faced fear makes a man apt in escaping danger." Deny that there is anything in the universe that can harm you. Affirm that God protects you.

Face fear and conquer. Look your fear squarely in the eye and be victorious. Go after the next dreadful situation head on and see if you do not lick fear.

Emerson once wrote of Elizabeth Hoar—"Elizabeth consecrates; I have no friend whom I more wish to be immortal than she."

"When I was a little girl," wrote Elizabeth Hoar, "I suffered agonies of terror at the barking of a dog, yet was ashamed to run away and avoid passing him. It suddenly occurred to my thought, what is it to fear? That the dog should bite me—should inflict just so much pain as a dog's bite can upon me. Well I can bear so much pain bravely, I am sure, so I will take no further thought about it, but walk boldly on, and be ready for the bite when it comes—and my fear was gone.

"The story sounds trifling, but it is not so in my life, because the philosophy I learned from that moment's thought has been of so much use

to me since, in carrying me straight up to the ghosts of possible evils, showing their real power."

Plato said that in Greece, "the eldest son was put under the tutelage of four masters: the first taught him religion; the second, to be upright and true; the third, to become master of his own desires; and the fourth, to fear nothing."

Nothing is wasted in such large quantities as fear. Fear dethrones reason, prevents good judgment and ruins the future. Face your fear and live!

CHAPTER XXVI

OTHER TESTED METHODS

LOWELL FILMORE, Editor of *Unity*, has well said:

“Remember that fear is afraid of itself. Remember to begin casting out fear by doing the things you fear to do. Think fearlessly.

“Deny that there is anything in the Universe that can harm you. Affirm that God protects you.

“Remember fear stays with you no longer than it is made welcome.”

Goethe, whom some consider the greatest mind since Shakespeare, has this to say:

“Napoleon visited those sick of the plague in order to prove that the man who could vanquish fear could vanquish the plague also; and he was right. It is incredible what force the will has in such cases; it penetrates the body, and puts it into a state of activity, which repels all hurtful influences; whilst fear invites them.”

Religious faith is a most powerful weapon against fear, when it is properly applied; so when the world seems dark and you are afraid, put your trust in God's loving protection, and smile.

Remember that we are apt to fear the things we do not understand. Fear is the result of ignorance. Fear shackles the mind, knowledge breaks the chain, and action clears the way. Remember that perfect love and wisdom cast out fear.

Following the principle that the subconscious mind cannot entertain two different thoughts at one and the same time, one of our psychological instructors has suggested the following method to help cleanse the subconscious mind of fear:

“Crowd out the fear by substituting for it a creative thought. Say to yourself, ‘I am trying to do good, to be helpful, to be encouraging. No penalty can be exacted for doing good. Nothing can really hurt me.’”

“This constructive attitude involves, first of all, confidence in the universe. Fear turns into faith when we realize that a moral law governs our world, operating for the highest good of those who put themselves in harmony with it.”

There is another kind of fear which can be licked. C. W. Leadbetter states it in the following manner:

“Perhaps the greatest and most disastrous of all the taboos that we erect for ourselves is the fear of what our neighbors will say. There are many men and women who appear to live only in order that they may be talked about; at least,

that is what one must infer from the way in which they bring everything to this as to a touchstone. The one and only criterion which they apply with regard to any course of action is the impression which it will make upon their neighbors. They do not ask themselves, 'Is it right or wrong for me to do this?' But 'what will Mrs. Jones say if I do this?'

"This is perhaps the most terrible form of slavery under which a human being can suffer, and yet to obtain freedom from it it is only necessary to assert it. What other people say can make in us only such difference as we ourselves choose to allow it to make. We have but to realize within ourselves that it does not in the least matter what anybody says, and at once we are perfectly free."

The person who knows how to face his fear has the best chance of being happy, for fear ruins happiness.

"We cannot rid our children of fears by teaching them that they should not be afraid," says *The Mother's Magazine*, "but only by helping them to understand rather than to fear; by teaching them that these things in their pathways which have seemed to them ogres, after all, on closer view and foreknowledge, are friendly things designed to help us and guide us and to keep us from losing our way in the dark."

“It must not be forgotten that if we are to help our children to get rid of fears by this method, we ourselves must learn to do away with our own fears, and not by supreme effort of faith nor by a strong effort of the will, but rather by a persistent effort of the intelligence. Not so much by admonition, but again and again by example we must teach the child to go up to whatever frightens him, not in an effort to be brave, but in an effort to know.

“To cultivate in him the love of questioning and examining and understanding, this is the only sound and lasting way of getting rid of the child’s fears.”

Miss Joan Wing is an expert in teaching courtesy. While she was working with a certain restaurant, in teaching employees the value of courtesy, the owner spoke about one of his cashiers. She was his most efficient cashier, but she made the most trouble. She was sullen, never looked the customers in the eyes, and never smiled.

One glance at the efficient, yet troublesome employee told Miss Wing why she never looked up, why she never smiled. Her face was covered with the scars of smallpox.

So the courtesy expert began to win the confidence of the pock-marked woman; and, after spending a few days at her side from time to time and becoming friendly, she said one day to

the poor creature who was afraid to look at the customers, "You know, your eyes are beautiful; why don't you ever look up and smile at people?"

The shy and embarrassed cashier blushed and said, "You can see—my face."

"Yes," Joan Wing replied, "I see your skin. But do you know why I noticed it? Only because you never looked at anyone directly. I'm sure if you used your eyes no one would think of your skin, and you would forget it yourself."

Within two weeks that poor, frightened woman was a new person, so much so that the employer wanted to know what the expert in courtesy had done to perform such a miracle. Said he, "Why she is positively charming, actually cheerful, making friends among customers and employees alike. And she is so much better looking."

Everyone some time or other has obstacles, handicaps, difficulties, problems and embarrassing moments to face. We never gain anything by trying to run away from them or ourselves. The more we try to slide away, or slip from under life's burdens the harder they are to bear.

Everyone's life some time or other, is shot through with thunderbolts of calamity or cloudbursts of disaster. It is better to be taught the real facts of life: that the stark realities teach us there is nothing worth while that comes easily, that the bitter with the sweet is better than

molasses all of the time, and that to expect to sail through life on a wishing carpet is a wild chase after the rainbow. But whatever does come, if faced with a calm, confident spirit, and a hopeful, courageous attitude, can always be thus met, and we come out the victors.

Modern science instructs us that there is a direct connection between fear and fatigue. So to be mentally at par, one must be physically at par; and any violation of this rule may make us cowards and cause us to wonder what has happened.

Take the case of a fireman in New York City. He had already established a record of daring and courage and had fought innumerable blazes and did it well; yet all of a sudden he was seized with hysterical terror when called upon to do his duty.

The Chief thought such a heroic and strenuous fire fighter must have been struck by some falling timber and had him removed to a hospital. The man had received no bodily injury at all. But his breakdown was the result of a factor which was just as physical in nature. He was a victim of fatigue.

After sitting up a day and a night with his sick wife, without rest or sleep, he had been on continuous duty fighting fire for 36 hours. Sheer weariness had worn him out.

Three days of complete rest restored both his health and his bravery.

Trying to hide our fears is as ineffectual as trying to run away from them or to brush them off with a "Forget it."

"Timidity is a disease of the mind," says the master mind, Samuel Johnson, "obstinate and fatal; for a man once persuaded that any impediment is insuperable has given it, with respect to himself, that strength and weight which it had not before."

"O friend, never strike sail to fear," cries Emerson, "but come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas."

But modern psychologists know that to say to a person beset with fears, "Forget them," or "Don't be so scared," or "Don't be a molly-coddle," is giving free advice which can not be followed. You cannot overcome fear by trying to forget fear. The more you try to forget fear, the worse fear will be. Any professor of psychology knows that.

No, we cannot get rid of fear that way. The deepening clouds of doubt and fear settle down blacker and surer when we try to forget them. Minds that leak fear like a sieve must be mended in a more positive way.

When fear bulges the eyes like hard-boiled eggs, we need something more than "Forget it,"

with which to conquer. We must face it.

Or, if you dig in and do some work, that often helps. Bury yourself in work. Lose your life in some helpful service, and by so doing you may find you have gained it and have dropped fear in the process.

Keep busy—keep active—have a job to do and do it.

The modern psychiatrist throws another light on this dark and one-time baffling subject of fear that often frightens man so he talks as though he had a cracked tonsil, namely, do not try to keep your fears to yourself. By so doing, like a fester that swells and becomes more ugly and painful, the repression makes a cancerous growth in the mind, that develops and spreads until ambition is sapped, initiative choked, courage submerged, happiness ruined and success frustrated.

It is better for mental health and for one's happiness and success, to confess our fears to others. This method of psychiatry is now an established fact in scientific circles. So do not try to hide your fears, but drag them out into the open, and as sunlight drives out the moths, the light of mental airing chases away the shadows of fears.

Then, a sense of humor, or should I say, a sense of proportion helps greatly. This psychological treatment of fear is what saved London in

her perilous days of Hitler's blitzes in 1939 when methodically on the stroke of the hour, three and four times a day, his superior air force made sky voyages over the English Channel, leaving behind black walls of smoke, and volcanic-like fires that pockmarked the bombshelled cities, left its gruesome trail of the dead and mangled, but did not break the Britishers' spirit.

England made light of the Fuehrer's living threats, affirmed her power to win, and laughed at her tragic ordeals. Laughter always dispels fear.

If fear goose-fleshes your skin, analyze it, tell it to others, wade right into it, ridicule it, face it, laugh at it, claim your God-given One-ness with GOOD, work with all your might, affirm your triumph over doubt and your victory over fear; and fear will be a thing of the past.

Remember the fear habit is as old as man in the racial consciousness, and as old as you in your personal experience; so, if you slip a time or two, let that not discourage you, but remember the Voice of Courage, your inner better self, can bid you try, try again; and YOU CAN, until you win!

CHAPTER XXVII

DEVILS ARE WHERE WE FIND THEM

*Where are the devils? We often will find
We conjure them up in the depths of our mind.*

DAVID V. BUSH.

A TRAVELER in India described the wonders of the heavens and the glories of the sky, the restfulness of the silence and the depth of sweet sleep, in that far away land of jungle stillness.

While he was floating downstream, sleeping "as calm and blissful a sleep as these reinity of stars ever gave to mortal man," all of a sudden he was awakened by yells and screeches, by hollerings and screams that blasted his eardrums like bomb shells, jammed and exploding in the crater of an active volcano.

Where the stars had been shining so gorgeously, all around was as black as the inside of a stovepipe buried in the subterranean chambers of Man-mouth Cave.

They were passing through a tunnel. The

native crew on his boat was piercing the darkness with their shrieks and bombarding the sides of the tunnel with their thunderous ravings, in order to drive the devils away. Pandemonium broke loose. They did this to save themselves from whatever they thought devils could do to them in the interior darkness of the earth.

They believe also that, where they had a better chance to defend themselves, devils surround them in daylight, but not having cat's eyes to see devils in the pitch darkness, they resorted to noise-making weapons, which their forefathers had handed down for centuries, to keep the imps at arm's length or to frighten them away.

Not many moderns in America go witch hunting any more, but plenty of us have, through fear, worry and shyness, conjured up numerous devils, to beset our road, ay, to rob us of our happiness and sink us into the rut of despair.

Borrowed troubles, magnified worries—these are modern devils which camp on nearly everyone's trail, and block many a successful highway.

What is there to fear? Nothing but fear, but thousands of us are haunted day and night by that particular devil of the imagination.

Devils of worries, fear and disappointments are barriers, which only mind, not noise, can overcome. Devils, like our troubles, are mostly in our minds.

If we mix up a witches' brew of fear and worry, we shall sip a bitter cup of unhappiness indeed.

WINANT AND LOSS

Loss may become such a devil; it could drive us to suicide today as it has done to hundreds in the past. And yet loss may be a blessing in disguise or an incentive to drive us to greater accomplishments. Whatever effect it has on us depends upon the state of the mind.

Loss may be as vinegar to the taste and wormwood to the soul.

Or loss may help us to make friends and lay the foundation for success or riches. That intangible quality, not seen with the eyes-spirit makes your world or makes my world, irrespective of loss, disappointment, sorrow or grief, hence the necessity of making the day right by thinking right.

John Winant, Ambassador to the Court of St. James, has what some people think is a strange attitude toward money—his money, not other people's money, and yet for peace of mind, I wonder if he has not a splendid idea on destroying evil seed of fear by not allowing it to sprout and grow.

While he was Governor, he was summoned one day to a very important conference. On his way he met a woman whose body was "fatigued

to the point of exhaustion," and her heart almost broken by despair, the victim of compound misery.

He had known her in earlier days. When he was asked to help, he ran his hand into his pocket, pulled out a handful of bills, thrust them into her trembling fingers, and made his way to the railroad station. When he got there he had not kept for himself enough money to buy a short-fare ticket.

He has lost money time and time again in investments, down to his last shirt, so it has been said. His friends say his losses have been the result of a mixed hope to make money and to help develop New Hampshire industry; or to give people jobs.

When a New Hampshire road construction company, in which he was a heavy investor, went broke, Winant said to his partner: "Anyway, we built swell roads, didn't we?"

Arthur Brisbane well said: "Everything in life depends on how we feel, not merely upon what we have."

"KNOW YOU ARE ALL RIGHT"

*If we keep our faith, though our goal's out
of sight
Things will work well, for with God they're
all right.*

DAVID V. BUSH.

JACK MELVILLE tells us that at the tender age of 14 he went deer hunting and was caught in a side winder of a blizzard. He began running as fast as he could in what he thought was the direction of his home. Just as he was almost winded he found a trail going in his direction. Fine, thought the boy, someone going his way. No, on second thought, this could not be. He had travelled around in a circle and had come back where he started.

Overcome by exhaustion and the thought of his terrible predicament, he sank into the snow, panting for breath. Darkness was less than an hour away and snow was still falling in a dense forest of spruce, stretching one hundred miles in one direction and 50 in the other.

In fear and panic, he could have wandered on for weeks without finding his way out, but, as he lay there cushioned on the soft down of the friendly snow, he remembered the teaching of his father, who had often said, "Son, if you

ever get lost the first thing to do is to sit down quietly and *know you are all right*. Then think over where your back trail is, in what direction you were headed when you started out and what you did as you went along. If it all comes back to you, start out quietly and back track. If it doesn't seem clear, then stay where you are and build a fire with lots of smoke. You will be found in plenty of time. Above all, remember there is nothing to fear."

The haunting shadow of fear can stymie the mind, paralyze the feet and stun the senses, until confusion steals away reason, and bewilderment brings ruin.

So, relying upon the wisdom of his father, he built a large fire, rested against a tree, and although the snow fell all night, had what under the circumstances could be called a good night's sleep. When day dawned, refreshed in mind and body, and spirit, with mind under control, it was an easy matter for him to find his direction, as any lad of the forest can do, and thus made his way out with little trouble.

That phrase his father taught, "Above all, remember there is nothing to fear; sit down quietly and know that you are all right," is well worth tucking away in the pigeon hole of memory. It can be used by old and young alike—"Know that you are all right."

When one is so scared that the first man he meets appears to have eyes like head lights and teeth like elephants' tusks, that is the time to relax, sit down, take a deep breath, count up to a hundred, and repeat, "There is nothing to fear. I am all right. God's in His Heaven, all's right wi h the world." Such a statement ought to act as a soothing balm to the nerves, for anyone lost in the tall trees of doubt, the morasses of loss, or the tall timber of disappointment.

DEMONS ARE BORN IN THE MIND

DAVID V. BUSH

The fear of devils, or witches, of ghouls,
Has long been the plague of us humans;
They're pictured with pitchforks, or three-legged stools
Weapons of man or a woman's;
Now by close study, be sure you will find
Those devils are born in the womb of the mind.

The man in his cave before weapons were known
Rolled 'fore its entrance a slab stone
To keep in the dark, away from his home
The lurking, fierce fiends in the drab zone;
He believed, as the Hindus, with all of his heart
'Twas ill to go out after night in the dark.

Though banded together in tribe or in clan,
Where one's strength with another's was blended,
They still felt a tremble, to the very last man
When the curtains of darkness descended;
When man made a study of this demonology
He was helped very little by his father's theology.

Then came the Master, in the course of good time,
Teaching the love of the Father
And sent out the demons of men into swine
That ran down the hillside, and farther,
Until they were drowned in small Galilee,
In waters that ran far away to the sea.

Since then we have studied the demons, and find
They're buried way deep in the pit of the mind.
Like all other things that are good, or are ill
They're conjured or stayed, by an act of the will.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FEAR CAN HOLD US BACK

*Never are things as bad as they appear,
But, always made worse by worry and fear.*

DAVID V. BUSH.

SUCH has been the improvement in treating insane patients that it is almost impossible for this generation to believe how they were treated a century ago.

Violent ones were sometimes left in dark, damp, cold dungeons for years to slowly waste and rot away—rot in mind and rot in body. They were put in padded cells and whipped to within an inch of their lives; they were manacled; they were chained to walls in large wards, where dozens lived and saw the mad ravings of others from which they were never freed; incarcerated. Such treatment was enough to drive them mad if they were not. Such repression and inhuman treatment made mild cases violent and the worst ones dangerous for the attendants.

At the turn of the century, so long does it take for a new idea to be accepted by science,

the systematic abuse of the insane included knocking them down with bare fists or wet towels, strapping them to beds, overloading their blood stream with narcotics, binding them in sheets and putting them in straight jackets.

The man responsible for changing such insane treatment of the insane, was a man of small stature, a little fellow once so timid he refused the appointment to become the physician to Napoleon Bonaparte, himself a small man, for fear he could not give orders to the Emperor. Small, timid, afraid of his shadow, almost; but after he became the superintendent of the largest madhouse in Paris let's see the change from the almost cringing, timorous little fellow to a fearless man with the courage of a Hercules.

On the day in question, this little man, after having won a long and arduous fight to try his theories on the violently insane, entered this largest of madhouses in gay Paree where maniacs clustered about him, threatened him, spat at him, shrieked their vengeance, kicked, lolled, and laughed in their insane fury. Yet they did him no violence for the very good reason that they couldn't. They were in dungeons, or handcuffed, manacled and chained to the dirty, damp walls in their foul and loathesome prison of torture.

This one-time little, timid man turned to the

locksmith he had brought with him and told him to strike off the chains.

"But monsieur, they will kill you."

"I'll take my chances," retorted this transformed little man to the larger, shrinking locksmith.

"But if I unshackle them, they will kill me," returned the little man's attendant.

"You'll have to take that chance," was the firm retort of the brave little fellow, now brimming over with the confidence and courage of a giant.

"But, monsieur,"—protests the fearful locksmith.

"Do as I say, or I'll find another who will."

His order was obeyed. One by one the raving madmen, a little while ago shouting their cursing maledictions at the little doctor, stepped forward, unshackled, free, but as calm as infants; although some were as emotional as a Sara Bernhardt and as grateful as the leper who returned to Jesus to give thanks for his miraculous healing.

One of the maniacs who had come from a dungeon where he had been confined for half a lifetime, after his eyes became accustomed to the light and he had been allowed to look outside, exclaimed in words worthy of an artist, "I had forgotten the world was so beautiful."

Dr. Pinel, the little man, stood amidst the

thronging madmen, smiling, calm and reserved, yet sympathetic as an angel of mercy.

It is said that many of these unchained madmen kissed his hands, many wept and none offered him violence.

That was the beginning of the change in the treatment of the insane. The humane methods used today, where seldom are even the violent mistreated by the attendants, date back to that little man who was at one time timid and fearful, but who after the change of his inner consciousness, became one of the benefactors of the human race.

What man can do; what you can do; what your sons and daughters can do, for themselves, for you and for mankind, when once fear has been conquered and courage takes its place is unimaginable.

There are myriads of fears, but modern psychology has classified fear into seven major categories: fear of failure; fear of self-defense; fear of trusting others; fear of thinking; fear of speaking; fear of being alone, and fear associated with eugenics. Such fears become mental habits, and the older we become and the longer we entertain those fears the worse they become—often ending in suicide. "Human beings," said William James, of Harvard, "are mere walking bundles of habits." The only way to change

yourself or the pattern of your behavior is by getting busy and changing this or that thought habit. Speaking of this habit-breaking, a famous publishing house has said: "There is nothing impossible about living your life as your own interests, desires and scale of values direct you. **AND IT CAN BE DONE BY ANYBODY.**"

This habit-breaking system is no longer questioned by the modern psychologist and psychiatrist. It has passed its experimental stage and now has become recognized as safe, sound and, as quoted above, sure. All that is necessary is for the individual to be willing to help himself. Let's take fear of failure as an example. Do we want to succeed or do we just think so? This fear-failure thought idea is a handicap to thousands of people. It can result in that terrible inferiority complex, which is a bogey to so many people. We see ourselves in contrast to others in an unfavorable light. We look at the other person as one who has "IT," who appears to be large, intelligent and strong, and think of ourselves as small, stupid, and weak. Such thinking results in our being afraid to enter into competition with him. He is strong, we are weak; he is intelligent, we are stupid; he is great, we are small. Such comparison, instead of arousing our best efforts, actually provokes a sense of insignificance. Nearly everyone has such feelings some time or other.

And yet, such an inferiority-failure complex can be overcome. There is nothing strange or difficult about the principles which lick fear and make us vibrantly courageous and feel like licking a bunch of wildcats. Anyone, as mentioned, can do it.

A salesman read one of my books, a book which gives the last word in the modern methods of overcoming fear. The book with its Appendant is "Spunk." He claimed he was not born to be a salesman. He was timid; he was afraid of people; he was even afraid of his job; every other person in his subconscious comparison was better fitted to sell goods and succeed than he. After reading "Spunk," he wrote me he felt as though he could go through a stone wall. And when he would have a bad day; or feel mentally below par, if he re-read "Spunk" and applied its simple principles he would begin the next day with the strong vigor of a winner and the confident spirit that he could go through that stone wall.

To have courage to go through a stone wall was his figure of speech. He did not use the metaphor of licking a bunch of wildcats, but he could go through a stone wall. The metaphorical expression we apply to the results of reading "Spunk" does not matter so much as the results we receive.

When I gave a series of lectures in the Worcester Theatre, Worcester, Mass., one of my regular attendants was Mr. Ballou, the most successful retail paint merchant in the city, if not in New England. He was so inspired from what my instruction had done for him, he often drove to Boston, bringing a carload of attendants to one of my series of lectures in Convention Hall, Boston.

Ballou's great success came after he had overcome his fear of others, and his uncomplimentary comparison of his abilities with those of others who had succeeded. So enthusiastic was he about "Spunk" that he was willing to go upon my platform and tell thousands of others what this system had done for him, and he was sure if others would apply the same easy, workable, principle, the book would be of incalculable value to them.

There is one thing sure, we will never get very far if we continue to deflate our own self-confidence instead of raising our own stock in our own estimation. We cannot do that as long as fear is in the ascendancy.

In speaking of this low estimation of ourselves, as contrasted with others I am reminded that it has been eloquently discussed by Emerson in the following words: "This overestimation of the possibilities of Paul and Pericles (referring to

the other fellow) this underestimation of our own, comes from a neglect of the fact of an identical nature."

In other words, you have the identical nature as the other fellow. Why belittle yourself and fail in doing the things your inner self has seen in its vision at its highest moment.

Courage, like love, casts out fear.

CHAPTER XXIX

BATTLES ARE WON OR LOST IN OUR MINDS

*Whatever the problem or trouble, you'll find
Like battles, are won, or lost in the mind.*

DAVID V. BUSH.

BATTLES of life are won or lost in our minds; for it is rapid decision—mental action—such as taking instant advantage of an enemy's mistakes, that so often wins battles. "At Arcola," said Napoleon, "I won the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I seized a moment of lassitude, gave every man a trumpet, and gained the day with this handful. Two armies are two bodies which meet and endeavor to frighten each other: a moment of panic occurs, and *that moment* must be turned to advantage." "Every moment lost," said he at another time, "gives an opportunity for misfortune;" and he declared that he beat the Austrians because they never knew the value of time. While they dawdled, he overthrew them.

Make your thoughts shock-proof and lost battles will be turned into victories for you. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," is scientifically and psychologically true. In the realm of scientific thinking we have not yet come to the mountaintop where we can gaze over into the promised land. But we know that "thoughts are things," as Shakespeare says.

During the World War, a Zeppelin went sailing over Paris, dropping bombs as it passed and not one was killed or seriously wounded by the exploding bombs. One woman, however, though untouched, fell dead.

She had been killed, not by a bomb, but by a thought—a momentary devastating thought of fear conjured up in her own mind—somewhere in her mind the kink of fear was lurking.

There was a train wreck in Illinois. A number of passengers were badly injured but many escaped without physical harm of any sort. Yet, among those who were not there were at least a dozen who, afterwards, developed paralysis of arms or legs.

These persons, I repeat, had not received the least bodily harm. The whole trouble with them was that they had thought they must be severely injured, and, by thus thinking, they had so deranged their nervous system as to cause the development of paralytic symptoms.

The power of thought is the realest of real things. "For every man crushed by a falling rock or an overturning car, dozens are crushed by mental objects, such as volitions and feelings and kinks." Fear kinks in the mind are man's greatest enemies. How easy we can pump up our blood pressure when we unleash the passion of emotion—fear.

Man and the giraffe are the only two things that cannot swim naturally. Throw a day-old kitten into the Mississippi and it will paddle its way to shore. The giraffe can't swim because he is built that way. Man can't swim just because he is afraid. If we are afraid of life's battles—we cannot hope to win.

"As a man thinketh, so is he," is no more picturesque literary phrase. It accords with and is supported by the facts of scientific research and everyday observation. "Control your thoughts, and the secret of health, happiness and success is in your grasp."—But a mind not controlled, but filled with kinks, is a mind that will defeat any ambitious man or woman.

Shakespeare has Hamlet say: "For there's nothing either right or wrong except our thinking makes it so." And the great French Colonial General Bugeaud, says: "Mental force is the mistress of armies." Mental force is what will make you win your battles of life.

Philosophers have told us that the decisive battles of the world are fought in the mind. Prime your mind so that in the battles of life, you will always believe you will gain your point. 'Tis even so!

Of greatest interest, in judging the character of Foch today by his words of years ago, is the insistence which he always placed upon the personality of the commander—his will, his belief in himself, as well as his knowledge and competence. "A battle lost is a battle which you think you cannot gain," he would approvingly quote, year after year, to his classes. If we think we cannot win our battles of life, whatever may be the reason we must change our thinking.

You must face life's battles today with the courage of one who knows that victory is assured and that, should you meet a defeat or two, it is only a matter of delaying your ultimate triumph. Make no plans for any kind of a retreat, but think only of your ultimate goal and achievement.

Allow no kinks of doubt to creep into your consciousness. You cannot make a modern pullman car out of a broken-down stagecoach any more than you can be a success with a mind filled with kinks. Be a man who keeps on coming with a mind not filled with fear and negative thoughts, but hope, optimism, courage, and faith.

A leopard cannot change his spots nor an

Ethiopian his skin but mind can make rich men out of beggars, miserable people happy, great men out of cowards and kings out of puppets. The brain is, therefore, very adaptable. The brain and will is the thing. Believe you can win your battles of life, no matter how many mistakes you have made. If your plans are drenched in blood and tears, remember noble work and perseverance wins.

Perhaps the greatest prize fight ever staged insofar as attendance, gate receipts and universal interest are concerned was between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. The greatest thrill for the greatest number of people, at any pugilistic combat was that famous 7th round when Tunney got up, half dazed, and danced away from his terrible antagonist, keeping clear from any more blows from Dempsey until he could collect his wits and gain his breath. The final decision of that battle you remember was given to Tunney—yet he had been knocked down, if not knocked out, in that fateful seventh round.

Suppose you have been knocked down a few times in the prize ring of life, what's that? What's a few knockdowns more or less? Aye, a knockout or two. Get up and dance around, get your breath, clinch your fists and get ready to finish the fight. Pitch your game of quoits to win!

ARE YOU READY FOR MORE?

DAVID V. BUSH

Lives there a man on this mundane plane
With never an ache and never a pain,
Who on misfortune ne'er has been paled,
Who's never bit dust and never has failed?
Go bring him out for the world to see—
For such as on this planet be—
And such as have a perfect score,
You'll find are those always ready for more!

Not whether you've won or whether you've lost
But how you feel after counting the cost.
Can you scratch your loss from experience's slate
And start once again though somewhat late?
Can you buck up your grit after battle's loud din
Can you start once again when you seem all in?
Can you say like a man though heart-sick to the core,
"Other battles I've won—I'm ready for more."

The man who's regained all he's lost on the way
Has had once again to pitch in the fray,
The one who had failed has started again
With thunder clouds lowering and pouring down rain.
You can't get along or go very far
By brooding about your unlucky star.
The farther you fall till you cannot go lower
The more grit you should have to be ready for more.

It's not whether you fall, fail or cave in
But how can you "take" those cracks on the chin;
There's not been one but who's battle scarred,

No one but whose record somehow has been marred,
The ones who arrive have taken setbacks
But always were braced for more savage attacks;
And when they were licked, head bandaged and sore
Could say, "I'm still able" to tackle once more.

It's not what you've lost, it's not what you've done
That counts for the winner in success' long run;
It's not what you've suffered, not what you've gone through;
Not whether today you are lonesome or blue,
But whether through all of your troubles and pain
You still have the spirit to try it again;
For what counts most in life's final score
Is have you got the spirit to come back for more?

It doesn't matter how things are going today,
if you will believe with Foche. A battle lost is
a battle you think you cannot gain. That's the
reason that at the most critical time of the World
War, he could say, "My left wing is demolished,
my right wing is broken, my center has been
smashed, but I will advance."

Battles are won or lost in our minds.

CHAPTER XXX

FEAR BLOCKS OUR PROGRESS

*When nowhere is danger, or when it strikes near
The mind makes it worse through the terror of fear.*

DAVID V. BUSH

WE CAN kindle a fire almost any time we wish; but we cannot always kindle the old desire of achievement if fear thoughts are choking the spiritual draft of ambition. Fear chills the blood stream and congeals the corpuscles.

Montaigne has written some pretty strong examples of the paralyzing effects of fear. For example:

“In the first set battle the Romans lost against Hannibal, under the Consul Sempronius,” he says, “a troop of well nigh ten thousand footmen was so surprised with fear, that, seeing no other way to take, nor by what other course to give their baseness free passage, they headlong bent their flight toward the thickest and strongest squadron of their enemies, which with fury it routed and broke through, as it disranked, and slew

a great number of Carthaginians; resulting in a disgraceful flight, at the same rate it might have gained a most glorious victory. It is fear, I stand most in fear of.”

Fear stalks abroad in many lands and holds in bondage its myriads. Fear is no respecter of persons. It enters the palace of the rich and the throne room of the king; it drugs the mentation of the executive and freezes the reasoning of the learned.

Fear results in more poor decisions of those in power and causes more failures and unhappiness than any other one agency in the world. Practically everyone has some secret or hidden fear.

A newspaper reported: “Charles Stegel fainted when given a preliminary notice of discharge from the postal service in Chicago. He was taken to his home from the Iroquois Hospital. He is 61 years old and has been a government employee for ten years.”

Men fear poverty, disease, monotony, and most of all what men will do to them tomorrow. And yet fear is absolutely unnecessary. Thousands have found the way to conquer fear. And thousands more will tomorrow. Only those who hesitate are lost. Those who will, may master fear, instead of fear mastering them. It is as simple as that.

Dr. Hillis met a fine young American soldier in

France in the first world war, who told the famous clergyman the following experience: "For months I have been the victim of fear. My imagination has taken hold of all of the stories of wounded men and made the wounds personal. I fall asleep at ten o'clock and wake at twelve, drenched with sweat. Through my imagination I have had my legs cut off and walked the earth a cripple; I have lost my eyes and gone forth blind; I have lost my arms and hands; . . . I have breathed poison gas; I have been blackened with liquid fire; I have died a thousand deaths; but now, for the first time, I understand. Let me think my way through what you have said."

Afterward Dr. Hillis met him and found him transformed. He gave this testimony: "I want you to know that fear in me is dead. I have put it to the test. I front these dangers of death with a physical shrinking because one does not like pain; but as to dying and death, they are beneath my heel. I want you to know when you go home you have left here a soldier for whom there is no fear."

Yes, to get rid of fear is as simple as that. I have taught thousands and thousands on the most famous platforms in the United States and Canada; and now these simple methods have been put into a book—"Spunk"—which costs only one dollar.

I have read many a book and many an article on fear; but never have I seen anything on the subject, on the negative aspect of fear, equal to what Elsie Robinson has written in her daily column, released by the King Features Syndicate. Here is a part of it: "Have you heard it said that the root of all evil is money? 'Tisn't so. The root of all evil is fear. Go to the bottom of any problem—yours or the other fellow's or the world's—and you will find just the one thing, the same thing—fear.

"Why are people jealous? They are afraid. Afraid someone will show them up . . . beat them to the goal. Why are people selfish? They are afraid, afraid they won't get their share . . . their share of power . . . or possession . . . or love . . . or comfort . . . or safety . . . or whatever they covet at the moment. So they dare not let go and think of the other fellow. They must concentrate on self . . . serve self . . . guard self . . . hover endlessly over their selves like buzzards circling over carrion." If you can help your friends or associates get rid of fear, such characteristics may be automatically overcome.

Yes, even our health is affected by our fear. Every doctor knows this. Twenty-five years ago Dr. Frank Crane wrote these fateful words: "We are already glimpsing the truth, that the effect of fear upon one's morals is wholly toxic;

in plain English," continues the famous doctor, "fear is poison in any shape or form."

And six hundred years before the Christian era, Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, said: "Hate and fear breed a poison in the blood which, if continued, affects the organs of digestion. Hence it is unwise to hear or remember unkind things that others say of us."

Science knows now what to do to get fear out of the mind—the dozen and one fears that are holding us back and preventing us from doing our best and therefore blocking our advancement or greater success.

Fear makes people cruel, hard to get along with; undermines harmony in the home and achievement in the workshop. And yet fear *can be licked*.

If you have to live with people who have such characteristics as mentioned above, if you can help them get rid of fear, you may see such a change in their dispositions as to astound you. Fear that makes the face as pale as a porcelain doll can be overcome; fear that makes one's heart-beat backfire in his epiglottis, can be overcome; fear that makes the skin on the face tight as a drumhead and white as a sheet *can be overcome*.

It all resolves itself down to the simple question: Do we want to overcome fear, or do we just think we do? Would we do anything to overcome fear? Then the problem is easy.

CHAPTER XXXI

WHAT WE CAN DO WHEN WE LICK THE FOE FEAR

*THE MAN who is hampered by worry and
fear
May lose all he's gained, 'tho success is quite
near.*

DAVID V. BUSH

A FEW years ago I was speaking to an overcrowded audience in Trinity Auditorium, Los Angeles, while hundreds, outside, who could not get in, were milling around and blocking pedestrian traffic.

When I paused for a moment in my speech, a man stood up in the balcony and asked, "May I say something?" I could tell by his kindly voice that he was a friend, so I answered, "sure, go ahead." In substance this is his story.

"When you were here two years ago, I attended your classes at which time I bought your book, 'Spunk'. At that time I was a tubercular patient and the doctors had given me three months to live. Here I am tonight, pronounced a well man

by the physicians, and feeling as fresh as a new pumpkin pie right out of the oven, or a young football player who has just made the team.

“My case was one of an overworked man. I was sales manager in Los Angeles for a large national concern. After receiving your instructions and reading ‘Spunk,’ I received such an impetus and belief in my own possibilities and the latent powers within my sales group, that we all began going to town in our sales organization. Within six months we had increased our sales four hundred per cent.

“This was such a phenomenal increase that my company asked me if I would go to Cleveland, take charge there where, for some unknown reason, the sales were the lowest in any city in the United States. I accepted the challenge and that was the beginning of my ill health and run down condition which developed into my physical breakdown. In Cleveland, things had been bad so long, that in the course of my re-organizing, training and leading my salesmen, I overtaxed myself.

“But I upped the sales three hundred per cent. My doctor told me that overwork and anxiety were two factors which contributed to my condition.

“But, after reading ‘Spunk,’—and with your instruction—I began to feel better mentally. I saw

I had been too anxious in Cleveland to equal the four hundred per cent increase, which I had made in Los Angeles, and worried about it too much. I should have been tickled pink that I had done the impossible by increasing the sales three hundred per cent.

“So as I gained my spiritual poise, and found my inner peace, I discovered that my old time courage was coming back and with it, I decided I was too young to die, and would beat Father Time to the punch, which I did. I will permit any physician to examine me tonight. I am a new man, thanks to your instruction and the little book ‘Spunk.’”

Almost unbelievable isn’t it? Well, that was in Los Angeles—three thousand miles away, where perhaps the good, California booster could rise up in meetin’ and say, “Ah, but brother, we have the climate out here.” And if you ever expect to live at peace in California you had better not disagree with our good brother who knows his California climate.

Well, believe it or not, I have a better testimonial, or just as good, of what reading a Bush book has done for a salesman right here in Philadelphia. Tonight he leads all the United States salesmen in one of our largest paint organizations.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE DREAD CURSE OF FEAR

*Men can imagine, when everything's clear
The future will wreck them, through the dread
curse of fear.*

FEAR like a thunder bolt dulls the senses and blinds the eyes.

"I know not well by what springs fear doth work in us: but well I wot it is a strange passion: it robs us of our judgment like nothing else," says Montaigne. "Verily I have seen many become mad and senseless for fear: yea, and in him, who is most settled and best resolved, it is certain that whilst his fit continueth, it begets many strange dazzlings, and terrible amazements in him."

Yes, that's the way fear works. The grandfather of Frederick the Great dropped dead of fear. "Fears are the centipedes and lizards of the mind, hopes are the butterflies and larks." Some people learn early in life how to conquer fear, while the vast majority never learn. And what misery results.

When Montana was being settled, when

Indians without provocation went on the war path as pirates of conquest, or for vengeance, with blood-gored hands of hate, the pioneers traveled in wagon trains, thus better able to meet the hostile foe than if traveling alone. Sometimes a timid wagoneer turned back—usually to be massacred by the lurking red men, seeking whom, singly, they could dispatch.

One day a man named Adams, a merchant who had three wagons loaded with merchandise (one wagon load of valuable silk) for some unknown reason detached himself from the wagon train, and with his wife lingered a day or two behind at Stillwater River.

A day or two later he and his men hot-footed it to the Yellowstone, where the train was resting, to tell the sad and tragic story that his wagons had been robbed, his wife had been scalped and he chased away by the infuriated Indians.

Close questioning revealed the fact that he had not actually seen his wife killed but he supposed she had been for he saw some Indians chase her as she fled.

A number of men from the wagon train accompanied Adams back to search for his wife. They followed tracks by a creek, from time to time calling her name. After a while she answered feebly. They rushed to the place from whence came the faint voice to find her, unscathed, un-

molested, but plenty hungry from wandering, and lost.

Fear presents itself in many disguises and forms. It has many names and faces. Resentment, jealousy and inferiority may disguise it; subservience may conceal it. Sometimes it shows its ugly head in hate, revenge and destructive thoughts and actions. It may be called anxiety, apprehension or restlessness.

Or it may be expressed in boredom, silence, or melancholy. That's fear. All of us have some fears sometimes, until we have learned how silly imagined fears are and how easy it is to lick the deadly dragon.

Fear can swing us from the tragic to the ridiculous. The eminent Scotch divine, Dr. Lawson, had many quirks of the mind, forgetfulness being one. Once, having put one foot in the gutter he hobbled along the whole length of the street, and, as soon as he reached home, hastily sent for the doctor to cure him of his imaginary lameness.

This is what happened when Adams thought his wife had been killed. When the small party of whites approached the bevy of Crow Indians, on that fateful day, one of the Indians appeared with a knife in his hand; fear gripped the white men who misinterpreted the gesture as an assault to kill, whereupon one of the white men shot the

well meaning Indian dead in his tracks. Then Adams and the other two men fled while the Crows pursued them, trying to inform them of their good intentions.

The Indians saw the fear-gripped men and understood. They would be friends but fear in the minds of the whites made them mortal enemies.

That's just the way that terrible evil-spreading fear-goblin works. "Whilst the fit continueth, it begets many strange dazlings and terrible amaze-ments."

If we are filled with fear we see phantoms and enemies instead of opportunities and friends.

"Timidity and clear thinking do not go hand in hand."

"What begins in fear, usually ends in folly."

In our depression of the thirties an editor wrote, "Since 1914 the world has lived in a state of fear, of creeping, bending, nervous apprehension. Everybody dreads something. Europe looks forward, with terror, to another war." And the thing we feared came upon us.

"Fear is the curse of individuals and nations, 'the parent of cruelty,' 'tis fear that 'makes men believe the worst'."

And yet fear need not be tolerated. Fear can be conquered by modern psychological methods, if people only knew how to put it under sub-

mission and would pay the price to nail it on the head.

Some people only think they want success. They are not willing to pay the price of success—preparation, experience and industry. So it is with fear. Many people only think they want to have mastery over fear. They would do nothing to get rid of fear. Perhaps one reason is, they are so inoculated with it, they think there is no hope for them to conquer fear, worst of all mental maladies. But such a one can prove for himself that he may be wrong. Thousands have learned how easy it is to master fear and “What others have done, I can do,” said one of our great leaders.

Russell H. Conwell was not only one of America’s greatest preachers, but he was as keen an observer of human nature and affairs as any foreign correspondent who ever wired his paper a story.

It was in 1915 when he reported in the Temple Review, that “In Fernandina, Florida, when they had the yellow fever in Jacksonville, more people died of fright for fear of getting the yellow fever, than actually died of the fever in Jacksonville.

“The fear that it was coming, and the rumors that were circulated about it, and the stretching of the news and stories made it a wretched mental pestilence in Fernandina, and yet they did not

have a case of yellow fever there. They said that more than a hundred people died of the fright concerning it."

Fear is man's worst enemy, and yet modern psychology has discovered how to subdue this worst of our enemies. If you would like to get rid of fear, it is simple, it is easy, there is no long waiting for results. The soldier with nothing to do, under bombardment, in the trenches, on any dangerous duty, without any activity, soon cracks, or his morale is more susceptible to breaking, because the mind is of necessity focused on the danger. Under the strain of inactivity—whether under fire, or in camp with nothing to do but wait—an army would rather go into battle than have such a mental stress, hence any kind of activity or diversion is a good treatment to keep up morale. The best diversions are those which involve the most activity.

Hence whether in war or at home, another method to lick fear is to find something to do, to divert the mind from the thing we dread or fear.

Give the methods herein outlined a trial, and see if you do not lick fear.

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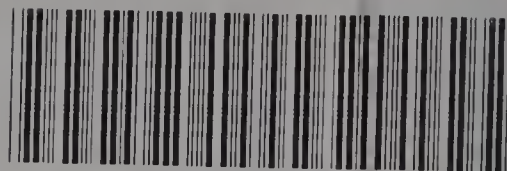
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